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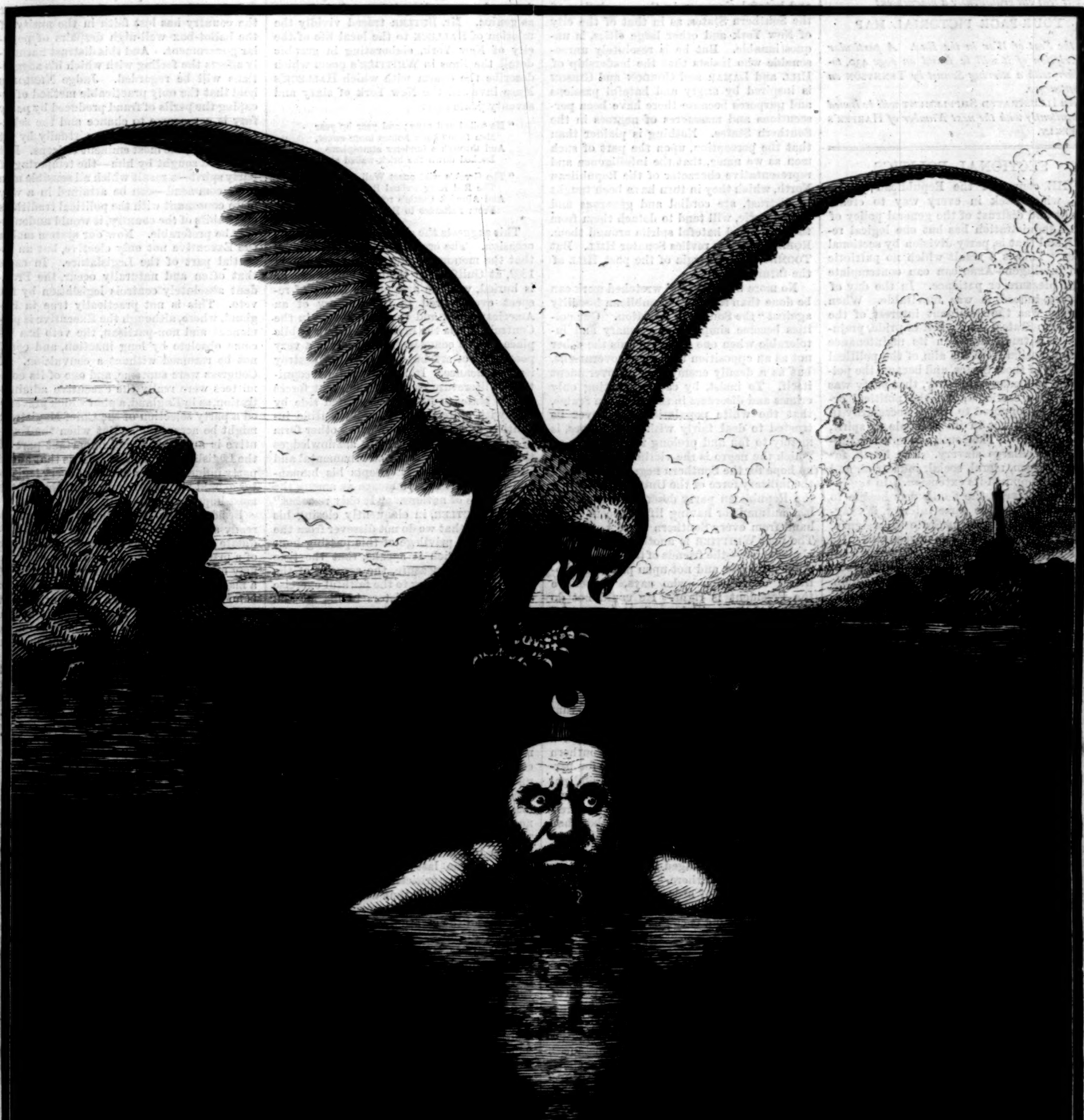

THE SITUATION ON THE BLACK SEA.—[DRAWN BY FRANK BELLEW.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, June 2, 1877.

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of the Seat of War in the East. A particular description of it will be found on page 430, together with a stirring Sonnet by Tennyson *on Montenegro.*

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SECTIONAL POLITICS.

THE course of the Republican papers which seek in every way to create doubt and distrust of the general policy of the Administration has but one logical result, and that is, party division by sectional lines. This is a result which no patriotic and intelligent American can contemplate with pleasure or patience. In the day of slavery, indeed, it was inevitable. When slavery was the dominant interest of the Southern States, intrenched in pride, prejudice, and tradition, when its maintenance and extension were the aim of the political mastery of those States, and became the policy of the Democratic party, that party was essentially sectional, and the political organization opposed to it was necessarily in its form, but not in its principle or spirit, sectional also. The South struggled to protect and enlarge slavery. The North, for every reason, moral, social, industrial, and political, opposed its extension. In the interest of slavery, the South was hostile to protection. In the same interest, it exaggerated the doctrine of State sovereignty, and held to the fatal claim of secession. Its policy thus tended simultaneously to national demoralization, a suicidal system of labor, and the overthrow of liberty and the Union. The North, as a political term, was the synonym of freedom, intelligent industry, and union. Compromise was tried until its very name became an offense. The war followed, which maintained the Union and abolished slavery.

With the abolition of slavery, the essential reason of sectional politics disappeared. Undoubtedly ignorance, passion, rancor, still survived. But it was the part of true patriotism from that moment to provide that while the injustice and hardship that must necessarily, under the circumstances, attend any settlement, should be as light as possible, the great principles of human society and of good government should be constantly remembered. "Let us take care," said Governor Andrew in 1865, "that in restoring the Union we do not forget the natural leadership of every community." The folly of Andrew Johnson confused and complicated the whole subject of reconstruction. Time passed, and when President Hayes was inaugurated, there were but two Southern States in which the Republican party had any semblance of power. The rest of "the South" had become "solid" under the administration of General Grant and the policy which President Hayes is said to have abandoned, and in those two States the President decided that it was not his duty to settle a local political contest. This decision is now declared to have ruined the Republican party in those States, and to have made a "solid South" in the interest of the Democrats. Yet the action in both those States has the cordial approval of General Grant, who was never charged with abandoning any body, and one of the very last acts of General Grant's administration was an order embodying the principle of his successor's action.

As for the "solid South," he is a dull observer of events who supposes, after seeing the course of things from 1868 to 1876 in the Southern States, that there would not have been a "solid South" in 1880 under any circumstances. The President's course has neither hastened nor delayed that result. But it has done very much to take the real sting and peril from that result by showing the really intelligent Southern leaders that "the North" is not "solid" in sectional hostility, but that the characteristic sentiment of this part of the country, which is Republican, recognizes that, with the disappearance of slavery, the reason for sectional politics is gone. We certainly do not expect that political leaders and followers in the Southern States will suddenely desert their party organizations and names because the President pursues a course which they have long desired and cordially approve. But, on the other hand, we do not suppose that the Southern Democratic leaders have any sinister policy of vengeance, the fear of which seems to plague some Republican minds. If they were so sullenly hostile to the Union and the government as some Republicans assume, they had their opportunity in the last days of February. We do not deny that great distrust of these Southern leaders was expressed upon the Republican stump last autumn. But we as frankly admit that it is largely proved to have been mistaken. That there are angry and hateful elements in the population of the Southern States, as in that of the city of New York and other large cities, is unquestionable. But he is resolutely unreasonable who insists that the leadership of Hill and Lamar and Gordon and Gibson is inspired by angry and hateful passions and purposes because there have been persecutions and massacres of negroes in the Southern States. Nothing is plainer than that the perception, upon the part of such men as we name, that the intelligence and representative character of the Republican North, which they in turn have been taught to distrust, are cordial and generous and sympathetic, will tend to detach them from the angry and hateful spirits around them. Robert Toombs reviles Senator Hill. But Toombs is the Georgia of the past, Hill of the future.

No more untimely and wretched work can be done than to excite Republican hostility against "the South" as a section. Our politics become simply revolutionary and intolerable when one party regards the other not as an opposition under the government, but as a deadly enemy of the government itself. To insist, by carefully citing only crimes and disorders in the Southern States, that the white population can never be trusted to deal fairly with the negroes, is merely to fan and prolong the hostility of which the negro is the victim. If there be no hope for the Southern negro except from the military force of the United States, then the Republican party deserved destruction last autumn for having lifted the military hand from every Southern State but three. The poet Whittier is another of the early abolitionists—the friends of the colored race upon principle, and not upon party and political calculation—who says, "I believe the President is right. He could not do otherwise than withdraw the troops, and I think time will prove that the negro will be all the better for it." The President has thus far had both the courage and the good fortune to take the general course which the wisest and most humane opinion of the country demanded. It is easy to see now, if it was not easy during the campaign, that there is a deep and general impatience of the mere partisan game of politics, and a rapidly growing feeling that the Southern question has been often agitated for personal and political, not for humane and patriotic, ends. The political situation of last year could not have continued, and the present steady, sagacious, patriotic rather than partisan, Administration is the most fortunate that the country could have had. It can not be justly judged by a party victory or defeat here or there. Its test is not in the satisfaction of ardent partisans, but in the general feeling of the country. And what that feeling is can not be doubted.

THE HALLECK COMMEMORATION.

Halleck is not one of the great poets of the world, but there was something peculiarly appropriate in the erection of his statue in the great Park of the city of New York. The day, the place, the circumstances, the presence of the President, the chairmanship of Mr. Bryant, the poem of Whittier, the reception by the Mayor, and the address by Mr. Butler, who, like Halleck, has gathered the laurels of literary distinction in the intervals of engrossing pursuits of another kind, were all most felicitous. Mr. Bryant's few words of introduction had a curious charm. He stood in the warm May sunshine, under the shadowy trees, his venerable form the centre of the vast throng that stretched away on every side, and he who had been the comrade of Halleck, and had raised with him the earliest notes of American song, spoke a few graceful and generous words in honor of his memory and his fame. He ended by introducing the President, who, after a few apt words, and amid the hearty cheers of the great multitude, unveiled the statue. The Mayor modestly accepted it for the city, and General Wilson read the musical verses of Whittier, which were peculiarly happy in touching the character of Halleck's claim for commemoration in New York, and in asserting the humanizing power of poetry. Mr. Butler, in a firm, clear voice, and with great spirit, then delivered his admirable discourse, in which the glow of eulogy was but a generous and natural strain upon such an occasion. He stated with great felicity the secret of the poet's influence. It is not poetic susceptibility alone, nor the gift of rhythmical expression, nor both combined, but the instinct which seizes the moment and the passing event and speaks adequately for it and of it, the universal emotion. This, when it suddenly wins fortune, is called luck. When it snatches victory from the doubt and fury of great contests, we call it heroism. When it expresses in literature the common thought and the common feeling, at moments or upon subjects of commanding interest, it is known as genius. Mr. Butler traced vividly the relation of Halleck to the local life of the city of New York, elaborating in graphic detail the lines in Whittier's poem which describe the charm with which Halleck's Muse invested the New York of sixty and seventy years ago:

> "He toiled and sang; and year by year
> Men found their homes more sweet,
> And through a tenderer atmosphere
> Looked down the brick-walled street.
>
> "The Greek's wild onset Wall Street knew;
> The Red King walked Broadway;
> And Alnwick Castle's roses blew
> From Palisades to Bay."

This suggests the chief significance of the occasion. The orator reminded his hearers that the monument erected to Halleck in 1869, at Guilford, in Connecticut, where he is buried, was the first public token of respect ever reared to the memory of an American poet, and that the statue in the Central Park is the first ever set in a public place in like commemoration. It is a very poor work of art, but that does not destroy its significance. It is the public recognition of literature as one of the great forces in the state, to be commemorated side by side with statesmanship, and scientific invention, and research, and every other form of chief public service. It acknowledges the poet not to be merely an ornamental and superfluous person, it accepts his humanizing and elevating influence as among the true glories of nations. "It only remains," said Mr. Butler, in eloquently closing his discourse, "that we do not dissever from the duty and the privilege of this passing hour the lesson which it speaks, that the true poet is, in his measure, the servant of the State, and, according to the faithful exercise of his high gifts, ministers in his lot and place, with all loyal workers in industry, in enterprise, and in art, to those noble ends which, in the sanctuary of a nation's highest life, are its perpetual strength and beauty."

THE TRUE CHECK OF PARTY SPIRIT.

The subject of a change in the method of electing the President has been imperiously forced upon the attention of the country by the discovery of the fact that under the present system there are questions of the very gravest character which may easily arise, for the settlement of which no provision whatever exists. Senator Morton, who has devoted a great deal of attention to the subject, has written a brief article in the last number of the *North American Review* criticising the electoral system. The changes that he would suggest are a direct vote of the people within the States, and the creation of a tribunal to decide all disputes. In his report of three years ago Mr. Morton proposed that each Congressional district in every State should have one vote, to be counted according to the majority of ballots cast in the district, and that every State should have two votes, to be determined by the majority of the whole vote of the State. This is a fundamental departure from the existing constitutional theory. The present system contemplates a selection of the President by unpledged electors, and of course intends that there should not be a direct choice by the people. This implies also that there should be no previons nomination of party candidates.

In this respect the Nicholas plan, the details and scope of which we have stated, agrees with the present system. It proposes to take the Presidency out of a partisan contest, and to restrict the play of party feeling to the legislative elections. It would thus hope to limit fraud and intrigue, and tend to make the President a national magistrate instead of a party chief. We have heretofore considered and answered some of the more evident and obvious objections to the scheme, as that it would destroy political ambition, and prevent the selection of the candidate of the popular preference by practically leaving the decision to chance. Judge Nicholas himself, in the second volume of his *Conservative Essays*, published in 1865, lays very great and almost conclusive stress upon the consideration that "from this time forth a majority of the nation can have no trust in the truthfulness or purity of the ballot-box." He adds that the only objection, with few exceptions, ever yet urged by candid intelligence against his plan, is its supposed liability to be thwarted by fraudulent management of the lot. In a letter to the New York *Times*, January 26, 1860, republished in the first volume of his *Conservative Essays*, Judge Nicholas proposes his plan "to supersede the hazardous Presidential election of next fall [that of 1860, at which Abraham Lincoln was elected], and for permanent security against the recurrence of another like peril, to place the Presidency out of the reach of party combinations."

It is evident that a man who thinks that the country has lost faith in the purity of the ballot-box well-nigh despairs of popular government. And this distrust naturally affects the feeling with which his suggestions will be regarded. Judge Nicholas held that the only practicable method of escaping the perils of fraud produced by party fury is a recourse to chance and the selection of a Chief Magistrate virtually by lot from among the most eminent citizens. But if the end sought by him—the tempering of party spirit—a result which all sensible men must commend—can be attained in a way more consonant with the political traditions and habits of the country, it would undoubtedly be preferable. Now our system makes the Executive not only elective, but an essential part of the Legislature. In cases that often and naturally occur, the President absolutely controls legislation by the veto. This is not practically true in England, where, although the Executive is permanent and non-partisan, the veto has become obsolete by long inaction, and could not be resumed without a convulsion. If Congress were supreme, and one of its committees were really the executive administration, as in England, a plan which prevented a party selection of the Chief Magistrate might be acceptable. But when the Executive is an integral and important part of the Legislature, the same reasons that admit party influence in the choice of every legislator should apparently prevail in that of the most important one of all.

Besides, while it is true, as we have already stated, that the selection of the candidate of a party is at the mercy and chance of a mass-meeting, and that the nomination may not represent the preference either of a majority or a plurality of the party, yet it is no less true that he is a representative of the party, and is so accepted by it at the polls. Assuming, then, that the reasonable basis of parties is difference of opinion upon great public policies, and that the just contest at the polls is the decision which of these policies shall prevail, to leave to chance the selection of the one agent who has power to defeat the policy of the constitutional majority is to leave to chance the most vital point of all. It is true that the House chosen in the middle of a Presidential term may be opposed to the Administration. But that is one of the most unfortunate possibilities of our system. How serious and perilous the want of harmony between the executive and the legislative departments may become was seen when Andrew Johnson was President. His Presidency was substantially that which, as it seems to us, would be very possible under the Nicholas plan.

The chief spring of the party rancor and fury, whose perils Judge Nicholas plainly saw and vividly described, is the enormous patronage of the government. The remedy for such perils lies, therefore, in our judgment, in abolishing the system of patronage. It is not the personal intrigue of candidates, it is the contest for the possession of the vast sums of money spent in salaries and for the control of opportunities of fraud and bribery, which makes the peril of elections. The doubt of the political sympathy of the candidate ultimately selected would not abate this. It would, indeed, prevent individual and personal obligations, but that is always an unimportant part of the struggle. If the system of patronage remained unchanged, the President, although selected by lot, would naturally yield to his party sympathy. Parties would remain, and despite the method of reaching a President, the civil service would still be a party machine, as it is now.

It is in this direction of restraining the patronage, not in that of the method of selecting a President—which, however, requires vital amendment—that the remedy of the perils feared by Judge Nicholas is, as it seems to us, to be sought. And if, as we said in recently discussing the question, our present system has made "availability" the cardinal consideration in selecting a candidate, when the President ceases to be a distributer of spoils to party followers, "availability" will cease to be a decisive qualification. When placemen cease to pack caucuses and control conventions, the great political prizes will fall to those whom the free sentiment of each party prefers, higher character and talent will constantly be attracted to the arena of public affairs, and politics will be concerned with principles and measures, and not chiefly with the plunder of place.

A LOGICAL ABUSE.

THE present absurd civil service is most logically defended. The Union Republican Congressional Committee, which laid a tax upon the clerks in some of the departments in Washington, calls aloud for the payment of subscriptions. We agree with the committee that honorable subscriptions should be honorably paid. But what does the committee think of subscriptions under duress? If a clerk in any department, as in the Custom-house, is informed that if he wishes to make "a voluntary contribution of two per cent. of his salary" to help pay "the legitimate expenses" of his party, he can step up to the office of Mr. A, B, or C, just round the corner, and contribute, he knows very well that if he has no such disposition, there are plenty of worthy men who, in the language of a late Collector of the port, are perfectly ready and willing to take his office "with all the incumbrances." Apparently he pays two per cent. of his salary as the traveller on Hounslow Heath some years ago handed his watch to Mr. RICHARD TURPIN. But if instead of paying cash he merely "subscribes," and before the money is asked for he is relieved from the moral duress under which he put down his name, why should he pay? Why should the traveller hand his watch to Mr. TURPIN when the constable is in sight?

The reason is, according to the present system, that there is no duress. It is held that the clerk understands the nature of his tenure, and that it is "moral Buncombe" to sustain office-holders in their refusal to pay assessments and subscriptions. The "moral Buncombe," however, is on the other side. It is "moral Buncombe" of the worst kind to call the assessment upon government salaries "voluntary contributions." Why not have the courage of your opinions? If salaries in the public service should be the "swag" of the dominant party, then those who have got a share of it ought to be willing to pay liberally to hold on. This is a doctrine which is expressed in the following language of the *Commercial Advertiser:*

> "There is too much of this moral Buncombe. People who receive benefits ought to be made to pay for them, and no man contributes to a political fund without expecting compensation in return by office or recognition in some way. We have had enough of this sham. The Republican National Committee should pay its debts, and the men who have been placed in position through the organization of that committee, if they are honorable men, will make up the deficit, and not have the party disgraced."

This is refreshing plainness of speech. It is calling a spade a spade. And why not? If the committee has put Messrs. C, D, and E in the way of earning twelve or eighteen hundred dollars a year, why should they be unwilling to pay a percentage on it as the price of retaining it? Those who take office under the present system must be supposed to know the conditions. "By Jove!" exclaimed a moralist of the *Commercial* school to a government clerk who complained that the assessments had already been rather severe during the year, "I'd make you pay twelve or fifteen per cent. more. I'll be —— if I wouldn't have plenty of money for the campaign; and if you fellows don't like it, darn you, get out; there are plenty of people just as clever as you, who would be glad enough to give their old coats for your old shoes." These were remarks entirely free from moral Buncombe. They are strictly logical under the existing system, and they throw up its merits in bold relief. It must, of course, foster the self-respect and efficiency of the service in a high degree. A man will naturally cherish immense pride in a position to which he was appointed by somebody's solicitation, which he holds by the favor of somebody else, and for which he must pay at the discretion of a ward, county, State, or national committee.

But the system is still imperfect. A scheme of assessments, subscriptions, and payments is exceedingly clumsy. It would be very much better that "the Union Republican Congressional Executive Committee," instead of a cumbrous method of subscription papers, should place a good price upon the office and sell it in open market. There is no need of modesty upon its part. We are constantly told that there are hosts of persons who will take the offices upon any terms, and we have no doubt of it. Let the committee, therefore, provide a generous tariff. Offices salaried at one thousand dollars should not be bestowed for less than two hundred dollars cash down, and an annual payment of an equal amount. Other salaries should pay in proportion. Then we should have no more of the present "sham," and the committee and the cause would always be in funds. The "cant" and "moral Buncombe" of "voluntary contributions" would disappear, and the present absurd, costly, and demoralizing system of the public service would be stripped of every disguise.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING.

AN interesting debate recently arose in the English House of Commons on the whole question of Parliamentary reporting. A motion was offered for a committee to consider the expediency of an official and verbatim report of the debates, and it was shown during the discussion that the newspapers are ceasing to report the debates, that nothing is reported after half past twelve at night, and that the public desire to read the debates is diminishing. The motion was lost by a vote of 152 to 128. It is interesting to observe that the opposition of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, the government leader, was based in part upon the tendency of such a provision to multiply speeches addressed to constituents. This is the bane of our system in this country. The greater number of Congressional speeches are not addressed to the House, but to the country. Nothing, indeed, is more extraordinary in the American House of Representatives than the spectacle of a man reading from proof slips a long speech to which nobody listens, and for which nobody cares, and which is meant solely for the orator's constituents. When the speaker is a party leader, his opponents still think it unnecessary to listen, since they are sure to have the whole speech in print by the next morning. In this way, speeches become mere appeals to the country. Debate disappears, and there is an immense and inexcusable waste of the public money consequent upon the enormous expense of printing and distributing endless Congressional talk, and of the prolongation of the session.

So far as Congressional debates are concerned, the public wants the arguments, not all the words of the debaters. The arguments can be given in a careful and proper summary, since Congress seldom sits after five or six o'clock in the evening. The present daily reports during a session are often made in the papers inadequtely brief, while the *Record* reports are too overwhelming. The duty to the public of a proper reporter is not to catch every word that a speaker utters, but to state what he says. The consciousness that the exact way in which he says it will be perpetuated makes many a clever man silent, and stimulates those who are not clever to write long and unimportant essays. There should be, of course, a faithful journal of the proceedings of the Houses, but a very large part of this is totally uninteresting to the public. There should therefore be a convenient and concise and cheap report of what does interest it. The *Spectator* proposes that this be done in England by a daily edition of the London *Gazette* issued in the afternoon, which should contain the substance of the debate of the night before. This is what the daily abstract of Congressional proceedings is intended to do in this country, where the public interested in debates is much larger than elsewhere.

One trouble which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE apprehended—perpetual questioning of the accuracy of the reports—is not very pronounced here. The fidelity of the *Record* is seldom challenged. There is, however, one absurdity which has sometimes been tolerated in Congressional reports, that of correcting and changing remarks in what professes to be a verbatim report. Verbatim reports which are not verbatim are ludicrous. One of the advantages of literal reporting is that it is photographic. It shows things as they are. If a man talks folly upon the floor, he is made to talk folly in the record. That consciousness is a wholesome corrective. At present there is no alternative for the reader interested in the proceedings of Congress but the verbatim *Record*, or the judgment of a newspaper editor as to what is interesting.

PERSONAL.

WILLIAM PETIT TROWBRIDGE, who has recently been appointed Professor of Engineering in Columbia College School of Mines, is a native of Michigan, and in 1848 graduated from the United States Military Academy at the head of his class. After serving two years as assistant in the astronomical observatory of the academy, he was assigned to the Coast Survey, and from 1851 to 1853 was engaged in the primary triangulation of the coast of Maine, and in surveys of the Appomattox and James rivers. In 1853 he was ordered to the Pacific coast to conduct a series of astronomical, tidal, and magnetic observations, in which he was engaged until 1856. His observations there were embodied in a paper of great interest communicated to the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In 1856 he resigned from the army, and became Professor of Mathematics in the University of Michigan, but withdrew in a year to accept the post of scientific secretary of the superintendent of the Coast Survey, and served as such until the outbreak of the rebellion. In 1861 he was placed in charge of the engineer agency in New York for supplying materials for fortifications, and constructing and shipping engineer equipage for armies in the field. He was also superintending engineer of the construction of the fort at Willet's Point, and in charge of works in this harbor. In 1865 he became vice-president of the Novelty Iron-Works, and had direction of their working operations for four years. In 1870 he was appointed Professor of Mechanical and Dynamical Engineering in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. Such is a brief sketch of the gentleman who has been called to the Chair of Engineering at Columbia College.

—Mr. JOHN ROGERS, whose *genre* statuary groups have attained wide popularity, has just finished a group of four figures, called "The Mock Trial." The scene represented is "the argument for the prosecution," which is delivered apparently with great energy and volubility by a rather determined-looking young woman, while the prisoner—a person of the inferior sex—turns his eyes in an imploring glance toward the fair being who personates the unrelenting policeman. The judge is represented as listening gravely to the argument, and the expression of his countenance bodes ill for the culprit. The figures are carefully moulded, and all the details of dress and posture are carefully and artistically managed.

—Mr. RICHARD A. PROCTOR, an excellent authority on the subject, writing in the *English Mechanic*, commends Professor LOOMIS's *Practical Astronomy* as "a masterly treatise," and "one of the finest works of the kind ever published." The value of American scientific works is generally recognized in Europe, and Mr. PROCTOR, in his cordial manner, only emphasizes the received opinion of his co-laborers in the field of astronomy.

—Mr. GLADSTONE has received warning from his physician that it will be dangerous for him to keep up the immense mental, literary, and political work at which he has so constantly labored for the last few years.

—That was very polite of Judge ——, of one of the South Carolina circuits, who, in sentencing some criminals convicted at the last term of his court, said, "*Gentlemen*, you have been found guilty of arson, burglary, grand larceny, etc., and are sentenced to the State-prison as follows."

—The largest contributor to the internal revenue of England is Mr. BASS, the great brewer. His firm pay just about $5000 for every working-day of the year—over $1,500,000 per annum, which is nearly the sum the Chancellor of the Exchequer finds for this year's surplus.

—PETER HAWLEY, the intimate friend of DANIEL WEBSTER, is about to publish his reminiscences of that eminent statesman. It was his custom to note down the conversations and remarkable sayings of Mr. WEBSTER, and he has a mass of interesting memorabilia.

—M. LOUIS ULBACH has made a modified translation of "The American Baron," which originally appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. M. ULBACH'S book is published in Paris, by M. CALMANN LEVY. In his preface he gives Professor DE MILLE due credit as the original author of *Le Baron Américain.*

—General LESLIE COMBS, of Kentucky, one of the oldest American politicians living, recently said to a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer:* "I am a regular Old-line HENRY CLAY Whig in politics, and a St.-JOHN-in-the-wilderness, milk-and-honey, ironsides Baptist in religion: none of your sprinkled fellows, but a regular dipped-in-the-water-of-Jordan Baptist." This seems to fill the bill, and lets us know the exact Gospel status of the aged Kentuckian.

—Collector ARTHUR states that the establishment of the Naval Office at this port dates its origin from the time the British fleet was part of the government of this city. Then the commanding naval officer came every month to examine the collector's accounts, and to divide the emoluments between the latter and the "crown." After the establishment of the republic, the Naval Office was continued under the headship of a civilian.

—"Dr. Pusey at Home" is the latest of the clever sketches of distinguished people published in the London *World*. "At Oxford, in Christchurch, is the canonical residence which Dr. PUSEY has occupied for nearly half a century, where he has lived, labored, taught; and there he will live to the end. It is a house which has been in its time the scene of many pilgrimages of a widely different order—college dignitaries and tutors coming on purely official business; bishops and statesmen, former college intimates, coming partly for public, partly for personal, reasons; country gentlemen from all parts of England, and under-graduates of many successive generations. The hall door is opened by no smart butler or trim waiting-maid; the foot falls upon no rich yielding Axminster or Brussels carpet. Every thing is plain, simple, severe. The janitress is a middle-aged woman in a plain print dress; the only covering which the floor of the hall and passages knows is a thin strip of cocoa-nut matting. The whole air of the place is rather that of a country vicarage whose vicar is in reduced circumstances, or of an academic residence before the innovating influences of metropolitan refinement and pomp had made their way to the Isis.... Personal interviews given too indiscriminately may weary him, but study and contemplation do not fatigue. The same round of quiet, fruitful toil is pursued from day to day throughout each academic term. There is the early breakfast, the contents of the letter-bag, the tri-weekly lecture. Till one o'clock Dr. PUSEY remains in his room to keep appointments, to read, to write, to think. At one his lunch is brought. If the afternoon be fine, there is a short walk or drive, not unfrequently taken in the company of his grandchildren, who often gladden his canonical dwelling with their presence. In the afternoon, too, there is the cathedral service; and that over, the working-day of Dr. PUSEY may be said to close. A plain dinner at six, and two or three hours afterward the signal for repose is given, and the day is done."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON, May 16, approved the New York Supply Bill, after striking out nearly forty of its items, amounting to $1,560,000. On the 18th, the Governor vetoed the Omnibus Bill.

Commodore Edward W. Carpenter, of the United States navy, died at Shrewsbury, New Jersey, May 16, aged eighty-one years.

Extensive forest fires occurred during the week in Clinton County, New York, in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania. Entire villages were destroyed before the flames could be subdued.

FOREIGN NEWS.

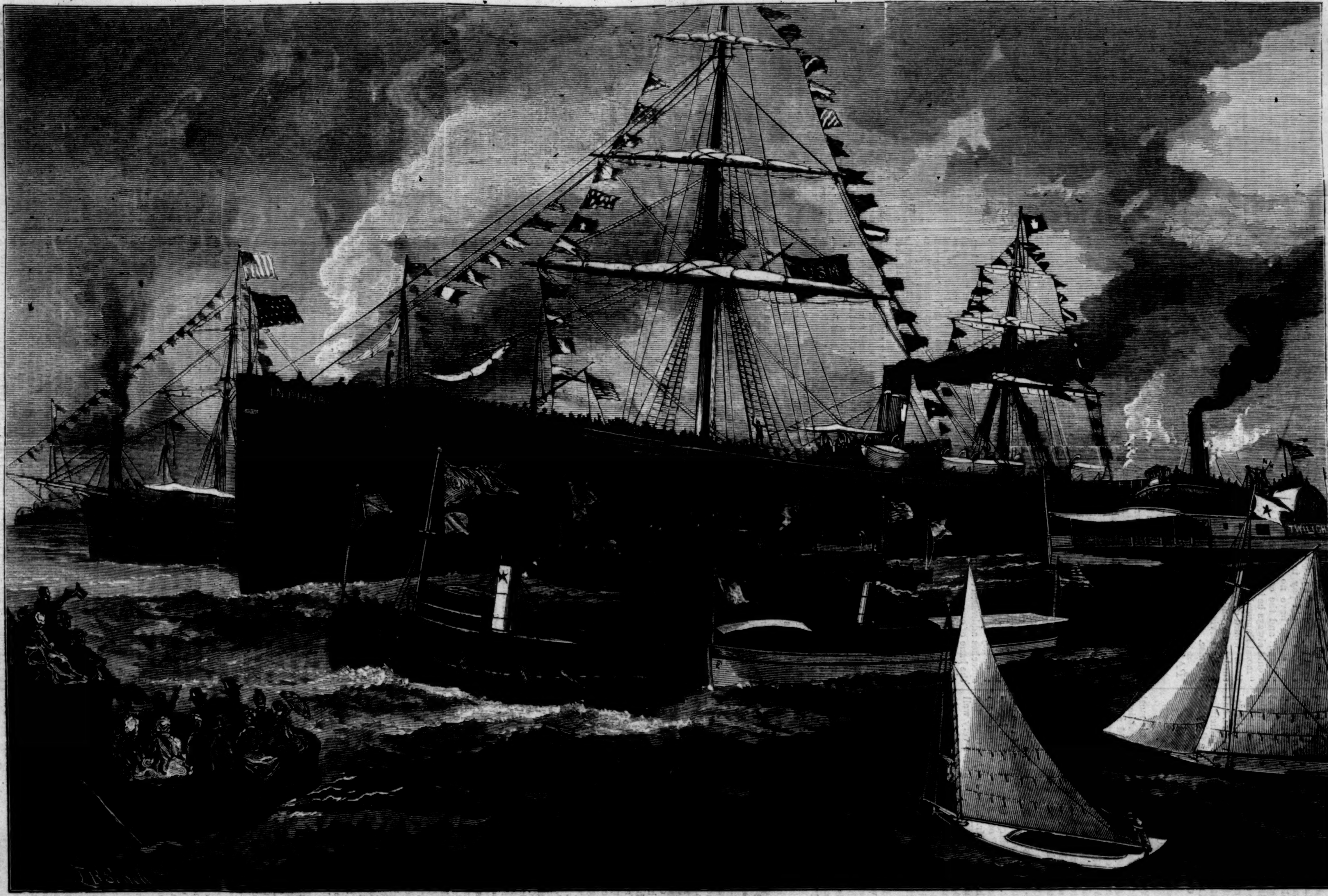
THE EASTERN WAR: Various concurrent accounts leave no doubt of the tremendous loss of life on board the Turkish Monitor which was sunk off Ibrail. The only survivor of the crew, who was picked up by a Russian boat, estimates the crew at 200. The ship was named *Lutfield*, and was armed with five guns, two of which were nine-inch and two five-inch. It is said that a shell penetrated the boiler, resulting in an explosion which fired the magazine.—Early on the morning of May 11 the Russians attacked the position occupied by the van-guard of the Turkish auxiliary troops in the vicinity of Batum. The engagement lasted eight hours, and, according to Turkish reports, resulted in the complete rout of the Russians, who lost 4000 men. The London *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent, who was an eye-witness of the battle, says: "About five o'clock this morning the Russian forces, which had been largely augmented for the purpose, advanced with batteries of field artillery, and made a furious attack upon the heights defending Batum on the land side, which were occupied by Bashi-Bazouks. The Ottoman troops were intrenched in the usual effective manner upon the slopes and ledges of these hills, and upon the advance of the enemy they opened on his columns a terrible and well-sustained fire of cannon and musketry, which literally mowed the Russians down in swaths. They fell by scores and hundreds on the plain below the Turkish positions. During their attempts to make way against this fire, a body of Turkish horse and foot, taking advantage of a thick forest, broke forth upon the flank of the Russian column, and effected great slaughter. The Muscovites being upon ground perfectly open, and having no choice but to fight or fly, in a short time the spot which was the scene of this flank movement became covered with dead and dying Russians. But the enemy quickly brought up re-enforcements, and the battle was renewed with much determination. For many hours the efforts of the assailants were desperately maintained, but toward mid-day their artillery fire gradually slackened, and they at length withdrew, after suffering very considerable losses. The victory was won by the extraordinary courage of the Bashi-Bazouks. The dead and wounded on the Russian side will exceed 4000. The engagement lasted over eight hours' actual fighting. The last of the Russians did not withdraw until near midnight. The Russians lost many guns. The only Turkish officer of note killed is Khalim Bey, major of irregulars." A Russian official telegram from Tiflis gives the other side of the story, as follows: "After capturing Mukhaster, the Russians, on the 11th, threw forward two columns against Khatzubani Heights, skirting the river Kintrisol. This strong position was stormed by the Russians with the loss of twelve killed and one hundred and sixteen wounded. The Turkish losses were enormous. Khatzubani Heights are near Batum, and the Turks were intrenched in their positions there."—The Roumanian Chamber, on the 11th, passed the following resolution: "The Chamber, seeing that Turkey by her aggressive conduct has severed the ties uniting Roumania to Turkey, and considering that Turkey has commenced hostilities, and that the Roumanian government can not have already replied to the Turkish declaration of war, relies upon the sense of justice of the guaranteeing powers, which assured Roumanian political development in the Treaty of Paris, and empowered the government to adopt all such measures as will secure the existence of Roumania, and enable her, on the conclusion of peace, to take up a well-defined political position, rendering it possible for her to accomplish her historical mission in the East, unfettered by any dependence." The Senate adopted an order of the day similar in tenor to the foregoing.—A Constantinople dispatch, May 14, says that a Russian corps (40,000 men), with cavalry and artillery, crossed the Danube near Potbach, and entered the Dobrudscha. A Turkish gun-boat which attempted to pass Kalafat was captured. On the 14th the Turks bombarded the fortifications of Sukhum Kaleh, and landed a number of soldiers, who were immediately joined by thousands of natives. The Turks massacred the garrison and burned the town. This is the Turkish official report. The Russians, on the other hand, declare that the attempt to land men and guns was defeated.—The first collision between the Greek insurgents and the Turkish troops occurred near Armyros, in Thessaly, on the 15th. The press of Athens unanimously demands war.—Three Russian corvettes sailed from San Francisco on the 16th, and on the 17th the Russian squadron that has been anchored in the Hudson River left this port. The fleets departed under sealed orders.—The Turks have captured altogether 200 Russian vessels in the Danube, containing over 130,000 hectolitres of wheat.—A special dispatch from Erzerum, May 17, says: "The Russians have advanced to Kara-Kalisa in great force. The Turks will confront them at Toprak Kaleh. Both armies are preparing for a pitched battle."—A British fleet arrived off Port Said May 16.—A Russian official telegram from Tiflis says that while General Komaroff was reconnoitring before Kars, on the 16th, the Turks attacked the Russian irregular cavalry. After a stubborn fight the Turks left sixty-four dead on the field. Two prisoners were captured. The Russian loss was one officer and twenty men killed and five officers and fifty-four men wounded. Among the wounded was Major-General Tschelokaieff, commanding a brigade of Daghestan cavalry. An official telegram from Akhaltzit, on the 17th, reports that the Russians carried two outworks at Ardaban, with nine guns. Fourteen were killed and eighteen wounded. The Turkish loss was considerable.

The British House of Commons, on the 13th, rejected Mr. Gladstone's resolutions by a vote of 354 to 223, and adopted without a division Sir Henry Wolff's amendment, to the effect that the House declines to entertain any resolution which may embarrass the government in its maintenance of peace and the protection of British interests without indicating any alternative line of policy.

In the British House of Lords, May 17, the amendment to the Burials Bill proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, permitting the reading of other services than that of the Church of England in churchyards, was passed by a vote of 65 to 60, despite the opposition of the government.

The French cabinet resigned, on the 16th, in consequence of a letter from President M'Mahon to M. Jules Simon, reproaching him for not preventing the repeal of the Press Law of 1875. The new ministry is as follows: the Duc de Broglie, President of the Council and Minister of Justice; M. De Fourtou, Minister of the Interior; M. Eugène Caillaux, Minister of Finance; M. Auguste Paris, Minister of Public Works; Vicomte de Meaux, Minister of Agriculture; M. Brunet, Minister of Public Instruction; General Berthaut, Minister of War; the Duc Decazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Ministry of Worship, which was separated from the Ministry of Justice when M. Simon was appointed, is now again associated with it. General Berthaut provisionally administers the duties of the Ministry of Marine as well as of War. The President prorogued the Chambers for one month.

An earthquake at Iquique, in Peru, nearly destroyed the town, and with it 10,000 tons of nitrate of soda that was ready for shipment.


INDIANA
TWILIGH

THE DEPARTURE OF GENERAL GRANT FOR EUROPE—THE PARTING IN DELAWARE BAY.—DRAWN BY FREDERICK B. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 427.]

THE HALLECK STATUE.

The ceremony of unveiling Macdonald's statue of Fitz-Greene Halleck in Central Park took place Tuesday afternoon, May 15, in the presence of a large audience. The occasion was in many respects remarkable. The presiding officer was the venerable William Cullen Bryant; the presentation of the statue to the people of the city of New York was made by the country's Chief Executive; it was accepted in their behalf by the Chief Magistrate of the metropolis; and several members of the cabinet were present.

The President of the United States, with a party of distinguished citizens, was escorted to the Mall by the Seventh Regiment. It was about three o'clock when the regiment marched up the avenue, their band playing, their bayonets glinting through the green foliage, and making altogether a gallant show. Behind the military came Mr. William Cullen Bryant, with President Hayes on his right, attended by an escort of the Seventh. Mrs. Hayes followed, escorted by General James Grant Wilson. They promptly took their seats on the platform, places on which were also occupied by General Sherman, General Hancock, Secretaries Evarts and Schurz, Attorney-General Devens, ex-Governor Morgan, William Allen Butler, Mrs. Sherman, and others. The reception of President Hayes was most cordial.

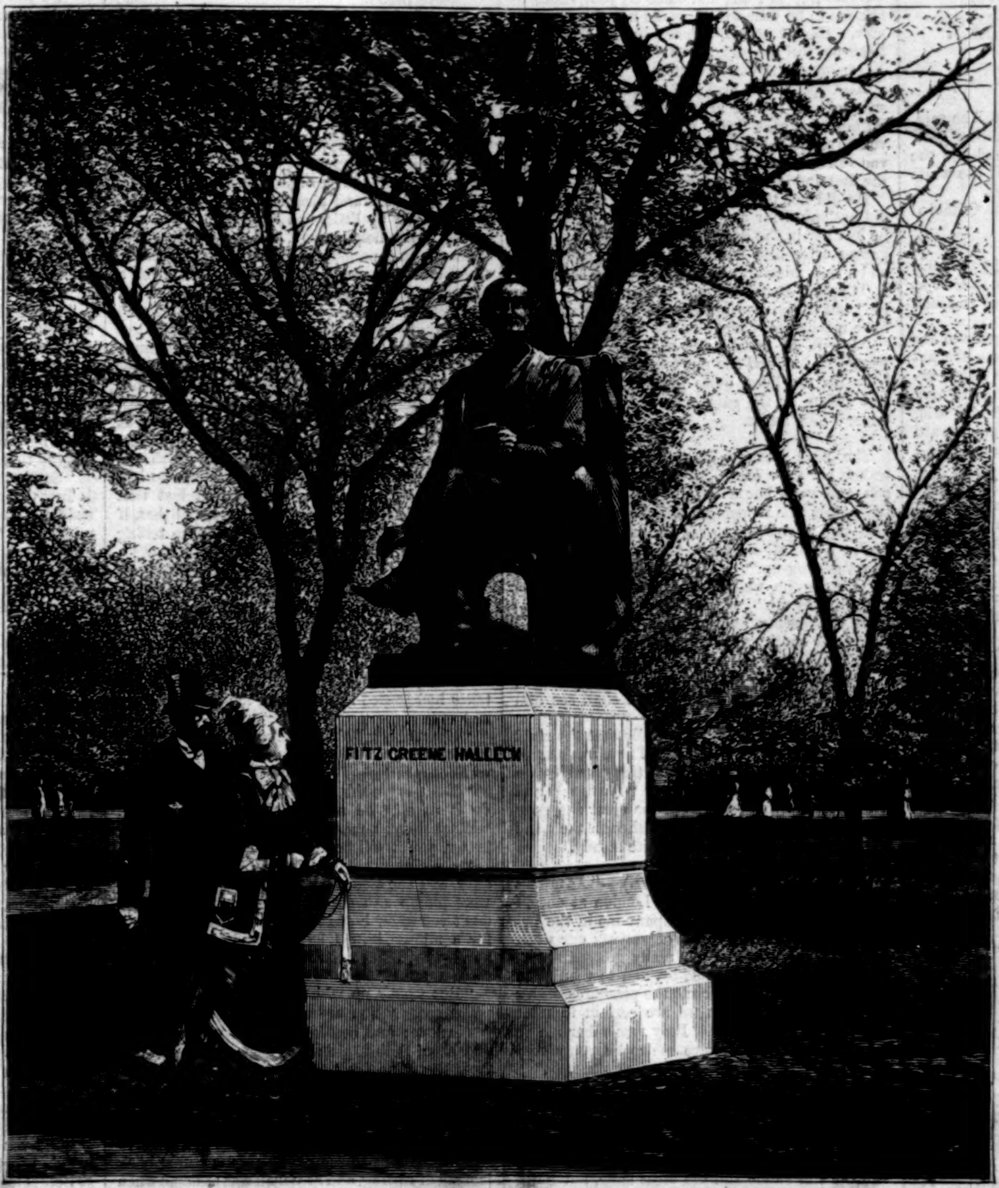
The assemblage was promptly called to order by Mr. Bryant, who introduced the President in the following words:

> "I will not believe that all this concourse has been attracted hither by mere curiosity. There are numbers among you who come to honor the memory of the poet whose statue is to be displayed to the public view; numbers who remember the enthusiasm with which they first read Halleck's poem of 'Marco Bozzaris,' instinct with a fiery, martial spirit; numbers who recollect in what glorious stanzas he expressed his admiration of Burns; numbers who have read with a thrill of delight his fine poem of the 'Field of the Grounded Arms,' celebrating the day when, on the plains of Saratoga, the British host with its proud commander, surrounded by the army of the republic, were taken captive like pigeons in a net. There are many here whose hearts have responded to the tribute paid by Halleck to woman as the restorer of 'earth's lost paradise in the green bower of home,' and many who have admired the genial and playful spirit in which he satirized the follies of New York society. My friends, you shall hear to-day a fitting expression of the admiration with which Halleck is regarded, from a man of kindred genius, and, like him, author of a graceful satire leveled at our social follies. You shall hear also a poetic tribute to Halleck's memory by another eminent poet, composed in his retirement in Massachusetts, and worthy to be placed beside the noble verses which Halleck in a moment of inspiration poured forth to the memory of Burns. In the mean time I am to present to you a distinguished personage who has consented to grace this occasion with his presence and to take part in these ceremonies. The veil will now be withdrawn from the statue of our departed friend and poet by the President of the United States, who, in behalf of the subscribers to the fund for erecting it, will present it to the city of New York."

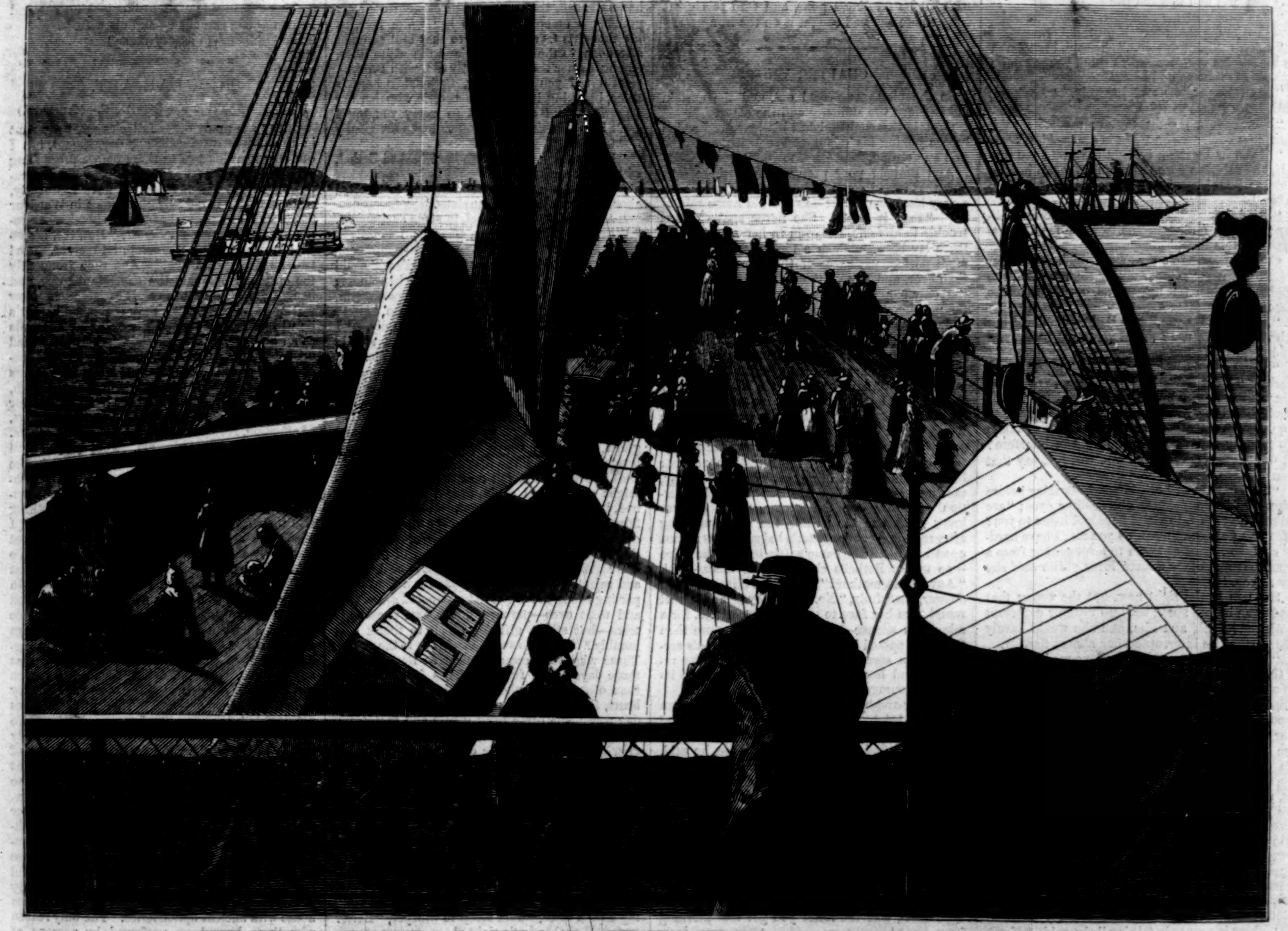
President Hayes, who was received with hearty and prolonged cheering, then withdrew the veil, and presented the statue on behalf of the committee. He said:

> "Mayor Ely: The honorable and very agreeable duty has devolved upon me, on behalf of the subscribers to the Halleck statue, to present, through you, to the city of New York this now completed work. Halleck, the early American poet, the favored of all the early American poets, a citizen of the city of New York during all the years of his active life—this is his statue. In his life he honored the city; his works will honor the city forever. In behalf of the subscribers, I present this statue through you to the city of New York. You will preserve it; you will prize it; you will keep it forever in these beautiful grounds as one of the precious treasures of your beautiful city."

Mayor Ely responded in a brief and appropriate speech, after which Mr. Whittier's poetical tribute to the memory of Halleck was read by Mr. James Grant Wilson. A commemorative address was then delivered by Mr. William Allen Butler, whose eloquent and glowing but discriminating eulogy on the genius and character of the poet to whose memory this statue has been erected closed the pleasant services of the day.



STATUE OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, CENTRAL PARK.—[Photographed by Pach.]



FIRST SIGHT OF NEW YORK BAY—ARRIVAL OF A EUROPEAN STEAMER.—Drawn by J. W. Champney.—[See Page 434.]

(Continued from No. 1064, page 390.)

THE TIME OF ROSES.

CHAPTER VI.

"THERE are no nightingales to-night," he said. They had reached the little iron shrubbery gate, and were standing apart, for Bethel had laid the lilies down upon the topmost rail, and the white flowers divided them.

"How lovely your flowers look, Miss Clithero! —quite dazzling."

"They are so white," said Bethel.

"Is it because you are so white that you dazzle me too?" he said, shielding his eyes to look at her; "or is it the moonlight that makes you look so unsubstantial?"

Bethel laughed softly. It seemed years to her since she had laughed before; but now she put her troubles on one side, and tried to forget every thing but that he was here, and kind to her.

"I am very substantial, I think," she said, stretching out her pretty white hands toward him. "I was saying only this afternoon that I am so dreadfully healthy."

"That is a good thing," he said. He did not turn toward her, but stood looking straight out before him into the wood. "If you have any confidences to make," he went on, half laughing, "tell me now, Miss Clithero—we make such a picturesque group in the moonlight."

"I don't *feel* picturesque," said poor Bethel.

"Do you feel happy?" he said; "that is better than any beauty."

She felt a wild, passionate longing to put both her hands into his, and tell, with laughter and tears, the story of her life. He was so safe, she felt, compassed round about with that other woman's love, and she knew he would be so sorry for her in her misery. She almost forgot that they who stood here together were the two concerned; she grew to pity herself as if she were some one else, and not the happy Bethel whose face had made sunshine in her old home for so many years; and the tears rose in her eyes again as she felt what a tangled web life grows to be at times.

She was so long in answering that Captain Strachan raised his eyes at last to look at her. When he saw the trouble in her face he moved a step nearer, and put out one hand instinctively.

"You are in trouble," he said. "Can I do nothing to help you?"

Bethel moved away from him. "Take care, Captain Strachan," she said, warningly; "my lily!"

"I beg your pardon," he said, coldly, lifting his hand; "I did not notice it—such a light touch could not hurt."

"It takes so little to soil a lily," said Bethel.

"We had better go home, I suppose," said Captain Strachan, still very coldly; "it is getting late."

Bethel raised her eyes, her miserable, heavy eyes, to his, as though she would have asked him why his gentle kindness had faded into that cold, inexorable manner, and in a minute he was beside her, and had touched her arm.

"Don't look at me like that, Bethel," he said, "and make me think myself a brute."

"I don't think any thing," she said, bewildered by his sudden vehemence; "I think you are quite right—it is time to go home."

"Not time yet," he said, hoarsely. "Look up, Bethel, for I love you!"

"You have no right to love me," she said, shrinking back; "Jim told me every thing."

"If you had waited, I would have told you myself," he said, his face darkening. "Jim had no right to interfere—I left him a fair field and no favor."

"Jim is honorable," said Bethel, her eyes flashing; "it was *not* honorable to leave me in ignorance all this time."

Captain Strachan's eyes answered her defiance. "Let us leave the honor out of the question," he said, "and then tell me, Bethel, do you not care for me in the least?"

"I *did* care for you," said Bethel, sobbing, "but where was the use? And you have been cruel and deceitful to me."

"I will not be cruel any more," he said, tenderly. "Bethel! Bethel! have you been blind, not to see how I loved you? not to see how I could not bear to be with you, nor to speak to you, because it galled me to watch you so taken up with Jim, and I having no right to interfere? It will be all right now, if you will just say that you love me."

"How dare you?" cried Bethel, standing before him, with flaming cheeks and flashing eyes; "are you mad, or am I, to stand here and listen to you? Mean as I am, and mean as you are, I have hardly sunk so low as to listen to love-making from a man that any other woman loves. Jim *said* she loved you."

She was in the right now, but the wrong that had gone before stung her into bitterer contempt both for herself and him, and she would hardly listen when he interrupted her almost fiercely.

"I never tried to make you love me," he said; "God knows, I sometimes wished you would! We worked at cross-purposes, Bethel, but things might be straightened. Loving you as I do, I would never wrong any other woman by making her my wife; and Elinor is too proud not to set me free when I tell her every thing. It has been an engagement of such long standing," he went on, almost pleadingly. "We were children together, and always liked each other, and, somehow, we stumbled into this foolish entanglement. I swear to you that if I had thought it possible to win you I would have written to her long ago. I swear to you that I had no more intention of speaking to you to-night—" He had grown so passionate and eager in his defense that his words carried their own guarantee of truth; but Bethel stopped him coldly.

"There is no use in talking," she said; "if you were as free as I am, and came on your knees to ask me to be your wife, I would never marry you now. Have I no self-respect, do you think, that I can not feel the sting of having loved you first? Never mind; it is all over now."

All Captain Strachan's eagerness died away as suddenly as it had arisen. "Thank you, Miss Bethel," he said, "you have disenchanted me; you have spared me no slight—no pain. I hope you will be happy in the path you have chosen: for the first and last time we have met—and parted."

He did not take her hand or say good-by; he did not pause for any answer to his speech; but he left her in the darkness, beside the iron gate, gazing after him with wide-open tearless eyes, and a sick, miserable fear creeping into her heart.

"Captain Strachan," she tried to call—"Philip;" but Philip was beyond the voice that would have reached him, and she was quite alone.

"I will go home," she said to herself, with trembling lips, and she put out her hand instinctively for the lilies, quite unconscious that they had fallen by the gate, and had been crushed under Philip's feet.

The next morning, the maid who came to waken her drew the blinds to let in the morning sun, and gave her a letter. "It came for mistress early this morning," said the girl, "and she said you might like to see it; and she hopes, if you're tired, Miss Bethel, that you'll not hurry about getting up."

"I am quite well," said Bethel, briskly, "and not tired at all." She had lain awake half the night, wondering and planning as to how and where she could meet Philip and make her peace with him.

"We were both cross last night," she thought, "and I was rude, as usual; but I shall see him to-day."

She took the letter mechanically that the maid had given her, and opened it. There was a crest on the envelope—a sword lying transversely on a silver shield, above the motto "Silence;" and when she saw and recognized the crest she grew a little white about the lips, though the hand that drew the letter out was quite steady.

"DEAR MRS. CLITHERO" (so it ran),—"As urgent business obliges my return to London at once, I have persuaded Jim to accompany me in the up-train this morning, instead of staying our week out as we intended. I am really grieved not to have seen you to say good-by, and to thank you for having added so much to the pleasures of our visit; but I think that we are certain to meet again before very long. Pray remember me to your daughter, and believe me to be yours very truly, PHILIP STRACHAN."

Bethel let the letter drop unheeded from her fingers as she fell back with a low cry. "It is all over," she said, and the sunshine grew blurred before her eyes, and she seemed sick and dizzy. Still the sun shone and the birds sang, but Bethel saw nothing but the white dress she had worn last night, lying crumpled up on one of the chairs, with all its freshness gone, and with two great tears where she had caught it on the iron gate.

CHAPTER VII.

So the play was played out, and the curtain fell between the audience and the stage.

Captain Strachan finished his leave in London before joining his dépôt at Woolwich, and Jim, well and strong, went back to Oxford.

And Bethel? poor pretty Bethel, whose fate, now that it had come to her, seemed to be such a very hard one! She—as her old nurse said of her—"took it hard." She never spoke of her trouble to any one, not even to her mother, only there lay between them a tenderer sympathy, a more perfect patience—if that were possible—than ever, and Mrs. Clithero's gentle hands were the only hands that could touch, and not hurt, the unacknowledged sorrow at Bethel's heart.

So, when the weary days passed into weeks, and Bethel, hungering for a sight of that one face, or even for the sound of the familiar name, fell ill, and was in need of the most careful nursing, her mother and the doctor consulted over her, and said the autumn air was making her languid, and by-and-by she must try a little change to get up her strength.

Bethel knew well enough what was the matter with her, when she lay tossing restlessly on her bed at nights, or sat in a great arm-chair by day, too tired and spiritless for even the slight exertion of going into the garden. Mrs. Clithero knew what was the matter too, when, morning after morning, her daughter's haggard eyes turned upon her, when she came softly in, and the voice —so unlike Bethel's clear, ringing tones—said, "Any letters, mother?" But Mrs. Clithero would answer, cheerfully, "No, not to-day;" and Bethel would turn her face to the wall, sometimes, for a minute in silence—that was all! no more than that ever passed between them; for Bethel's sorrow was a sorrow too deep for tears or for reproach, and her young, proud heart kept up its show of courage to the very end.

And by-and-by the doctor, looking at the wan face and bright large eyes, grew perplexed and troubled, and ordered her abroad at once.

He could find out no organic disease, he said, but her whole nervous system was out of order, and she would never rally in this country; so, in the first September days, when Charlie came home, the house was set in order. Bethel was roused from her lethargy into a wild excitement, and they went abroad; and Mrs. Clithero, seeing light and color in Bethel's thin face, smoothed the wrinkles out of her forehead again, and let the fears die out that had been gnawing at her heart.

"Bethel, was the letter you got this morning from Jim?"

"Never mind."

"But I *do* mind: it's so odd we have heard nothing about them for so long, and Phil was to be married, you know."

"Yes, I know. There, Charlie, read the letter if you want to—only, for pity's sake, get me a book first from the library, if there is such a thing to be had."

They had been travelling about from place to place for three months now, and had chosen Tours as a cheerful and invigorating town, in which they could profitably and pleasantly pass the winter. Bethel, little by little, had sunk into a state of almost entire helplessness, and was beginning to wear the wan, patient look of habitual ill health. Once, and only once, when the doctors, after a consultation, proposed some new town as an experiment, Bethel burst into passionate tears, and asked them to leave her where she was—to live or die: at that time she fancied she did not much care which: and Mrs. Clithero acquiescing in her gentle way, they remained at Tours, and sank into the half-anxious, half-methodical state of a household whose central point is an invalid. For, as in her bright girlhood, so in her failing health, Bethel was the central point round which the lesser satellites revolved—only Charlie, who had keen instincts at times, had seen at last that things could not go on as they were, and that, if Bethel could not be roused, there was no telling what the end might be.

Bethel, with all her faults, was essentially affectionate; and as she lay back on her sofa, on this lovely December morning, passing her white hands caressingly over Charlie's curly head, the tears kept rising in her eyes as she drew mental pictures of what life would be to those two who loved her, when she and all her troubles and mistakes had passed away beyond the reach of tears and smiles.

"Charlie, boy," she said, briskly, winking back her tears, "how would you and mother get along without me?"

"Why, we couldn't do it, Bethel—we couldn't do it at all," he said, looking at her quickly. "What do you mean? Bethel, you are getting better, and it will be so jolly going home."

"Look at my hands," said Bethel, for all answer, and she stretched out her pretty hands that were plump and soft no longer; "and, Charlie, don't you know how I never could bear to be still for a minute, how I hated resting always; and now—why, I have hardly moved all these long three months."

"But what's up with you, Bethel?" he asked, perplexed. "You never were the sort of girl to get in love; and, besides, we saw so few fellows: and then, Bethel, girls only pine away and die from *love* in novels."

"Do they?" said Bethel, dreamily. "Charlie, do you remember a day last summer when you and I went out in the *Persephone*, and you said that I was not in the least like a girl in a novel?"

"And you had been reading some stupid book instead of rowing, and Strachan was at home when we got back?—yes, I remember perfectly."

So perfectly, and so much more than Bethel had intended, that she could not help a pretty pink flush creeping up into her white face, as her thoughts travelled back to that still summer afternoon, to the *Persephone* and the white lilies, ending, as her thoughts mostly did, with Philip.

"I'll tell you one thing, Bethel." Charlie's voice, breaking in upon her reverie, startled her somewhat. "I don't want to worry you, but I can't help thinking that mother looks dreadfully worn and ill."

"Is any thing wrong with her?" asked Bethel, with quick anxiety.

"No, nothing, she *says*: only she is worried about you, you see—and anxious."

"About *me?*" said Bethel, in some excitement. "Why, this will never do, Charlie; I must get better at *once*."

"Ah, do," said Charlie—as if Bethel's will could bring her back to light and life and happiness; "and then, in the spring, we could go home again. Jim Strachan wants me to stay with him."

"I should like it," said Bethel, wistfully. "I should hate the spring here, I know; I should hate it any where, I think, away from home."

All at once the tears rose in her longing eyes, and dimmed their brilliance. All at once the beauties of this most beautiful town—its river, its cathedral, its avenue of chestnuts—seemed as nothing in comparison with the English lanes and green fields with which her English home was hedged about; for the first time since that September evening she felt that life was bearable—might grow grand again, even for her. If she had, in one supreme moment, lost faith and confidence and love; if, too late, she had sorrowed over a mistake; if Philip were married—still, were there not more things to be asked of life than this? Was not life itself a gift not to be despised and rejected, not to be cast away for a light word parting two lives? a gift to be garnered gratefully, and wept over—perhaps hot, heavy, passionate tears—but still a gift for which to thank God humbly? Life is so sweet, especially to the young. Those who have come as near as Bethel did in those days to its furthest limits feel this more than others; and when, wounded, weary, sick at heart, Bethel came struggling back to this every-day world, she came back gladly and gratefully, and grew to love every thing about her, from the view of the river and the cathedral towers, upon which she looked from her high windows, to the creeping sunbeams on the wall, that slanted in upon her from the west. For Bethel got better at last—very slowly, with many relapses and much weakness and pain, but still surely. Hearts do not break so easily as at seventeen we are inclined to think; and she was glad that the decree of death had not gone forth, when she saw the shadows lessening on her mother's gentle face, when Charlie, with a vain attempt at hushing his ringing boyish voice, would stoop to whisper, "Better to-day, Bethel? that's right!"

"Do you know, Bethel," he said once, when he had been watching her quietly for a long time, "you are changed somehow—for the better, too; isn't she, mother?"

Mrs. Clithero, thus appealed to, put down the needle she was threading, and looked fondly at her daughter.

"She did not want much changing, I think, Charlie, to make us love her," she said, gently. "My poor Bethel, I wish you were not quite so changed."

"But I mean in yourself, Bethel," persisted the boy. "It was natural when you were ill, and lying up all day; but now when you are better, and beginning to go about again, you are different somehow still."

"But how?" asked Bethel.

"You are so quiet," he said, "and yet you are just as merry as you used to be, and just as good fun."

"I have suffered," said Bethel, simply, "and I never suffered much before—and suffering brings sympathy."

"Phil Strachan told Jim once," said Charlie, abruptly, "that you were too full of life and spirits to have much sympathy with pain. He could not say that now—could he, dear?"

"Surely not," said Bethel.

Tears were in Mrs. Clithero's eyes as she rose suddenly and went over to Bethel's side. "Never mind, dear," she said, very quietly, "you were never too full of life for me."

Bethel looked up. "I wonder," she said, with a brave, sweet smile, "what she—" Her words faltered and fell away, and her heart seemed to realize its pain, as, with trembling fingers, she tried to lift the veil between her own wrecked life and that of the happy woman who was to be his wife.

She realized it still more, two months later, when, in the early spring, she and her mother came back alone—home! Charlie was at Oxford still; and Bethel, sweet, strong, beautiful, left Tours behind her regretfully, and, half glad, half sorry, took up the thread of her English life again. If her love was not dead and buried even yet, still it was laid away in a secret corner of her heart, and no one could drag it out into the light of day without her special pleasure; but she was tired this evening—glad when the train began to move smoothly out of Shoreditch station, because she was near home now, and the thought struck her pleasantly. She leaned forward and looked down the platform dreamily, seeing many people; among them, and above all, a tall couple, who stood hand in hand, saying good-by. The woman, young and graceful, was facing her, and she could see a fresh sweet face upraised, with a tearful smile about the trembling lips; but as the train swept on, and Bethel's eyes, sad for a sudden sympathy, swept across the man's tall figure, he raised his bent head suddenly and turned round—Philip Strachan!

"Did you speak, Bethel?" asked Mrs. Clithero, bending forward; "do you want any thing?"

Bethel raised her calm face quietly to her mother, and in the twilight shadows put her hand into Mrs. Clithero's ready clasp. "No, mother, I said nothing," she said; "I was just looking out, and I saw Captain Strachan—and his wife."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POPULAR ART.

II.—DECORATIVE FURNISHING.—(*Concluded.*)

THERE are many other fallacies most rampant in the decorative furnishing department, but I can only mention two or three before proceeding with the second part of my subject—the decoration and right use of china. I have frequently, while standing in old furniture shops in Wardour Street and elsewhere, heard the shop-keeper reply to the objecting purchaser, "But, Sir, it's so old! I should think it's—well, let me see. Ah! two hundred years old!" And then frequently the customer has paid the exorbitant price, and bought the article with perfect satisfaction. Now we know by experience that that shop-keeper's lie will be repeated to all the customer's friends as an undoubted fact, and that they will be called upon to admire this chair, or whatever it is, because it's so old. Once for all, I beg my readers to lay home to their hearts this undoubted truth, that a thing being old is in itself no reason for admiring it. It may be a reason for the feelings, of affection, reverence, interest, and many others, but no reason for admiration. That must depend upon whether there be any intrinsic merit in the thing itself, whether it has been skillfully fashioned for its purpose, or well wrought, or beautifully ornamented, but always upon something else than its age. This is so self-evident, that I should be ashamed of repeating it were it not absolutely contrary to the usual practice. We should imagine, speaking in sober earnest, that at least a quarter of the articles *de virtu* sold in London are so sold without any recommendation save their supposed age. I put quite on one side the fact that the great majority of these things are not old at all, but manufactured at Birmingham and elsewhere by the cart-load, and say that any one purchasing an article for such a reason has lost sight altogether of the most rudimentary canon of common-sense. This practice does nothing but increase the fortunes of the more unscrupulous tradesmen and the number of ugly things in the world. Why, the manufacture of sham carved-oak furniture and imitation ancient *repoussé* work in London would be sufficient to support the population of a good-sized village. And every one who buys such brass-work or wood-work, not knowing or caring to know whether it is true or false, is an accessory to the swindle. Then if a thing is not good because of its age, but only because of its use and its useful beauty, it follows that it is in no wise necessary to good room decoration that you should fill your house with ancient upholsteries. The only reason why these have been preferred by persons of taste and experience is because the workmen formerly were less hurried and (if the truth must be told) more honest in their execution, and that an oak sideboard, for instance, was really a sideboard made of oak, and not an article of veneer and polish. But a well-made plain wood sideboard made by a working cabinet-maker now is a much better and truer thing to have in your room than an imitation ancient oak one, made up of scattered bits of old carvings glued together and thickly varnished. Try having plain pine or willow painted dead black, or, if you can afford it, ebonized, and have them made plain, useful shapes, and you will be surprised to see how little in the way of ornamentation, flourished scroll-work, or gilding they will require to set them off. Such are a few of the general principles of furnishing.

I will now enter into such particulars as space will allow concerning the choice of rooms and the most effective way of decorating them. The great majority of houses in London offer great, if not insuperable, difficulties to the decorator, being built upon what may be called the two-roomed principle. This consists, as a rule, of a dining-room below, and behind it a dark, vault-like apartment, generally devoted to the master of the house, and called, ironically, his "study;" above this there are commonly a large drawing-room and a smaller one behind, separated by folding-doors. The ordinary thing to do is to pull down the folding-doors and make a curtained arch of the wall between the two rooms, thus converting them into one gigantic apartment. It is difficult to get any effect of distance worth having out of these rooms arranged in this manner, but a few things may be suggested as to some extent increasing the *coup d'œil.* The window of the smaller room should be considerably darker than those of the larger apartment, and it would be better to fill it with a case of ferns or flowering shrubs, and glaze it with some stained glass.* Looking into this green semi-obscurity from the lighted room will give, in some measure, the effect of distance required, and will, in any case, be a pleasant rest to the eye. Then in the central room, whatever style of decoration you adopt, there are some general principles to be observed. If there is more than one door, always use one, and have a *portière* over the other; nothing is more disturbing to people than to have two entrances, and not to know which a person is going to enter at; and, besides, the lines of hanging drapery are the most graceful way of hiding the harsh vertical and horizontal lines of the doorway. Speaking of doorways, I could never understand how it was that no one has ever of late years revived the old arched door that used to be so common in postern gateways. Surely any arch would be preferable to the square lintel so universal at present, besides giving opportunities for infinite variation and adornment, whereas the present doorway hardly admits of any softening or decoration, except on the door itself. Again, as to the curtains. The usual way of hanging them is under a long scrolly abomination of gilt wood-work, hideously ugly and perfectly useless, invented probably by some exasperated gilder in a moment of unhallowed inspiration. This is quite inadmissible; hang your curtains on a plain, straight brass rod, with a simple knob at the end, and let this brass rod fall into plain brackets of the same. It is better to have a separate rod to each window, but not very material, if they are close together.

Then come the two great questions in every room—What color or paper are you to have on your walls, and what carpet? And here I may say at once that, in my opinion, all false dados made of paper, and professing to represent the height of paneling, are in bad taste. If you have a paneling in your room, preserve it by all means, but don't try to pretend you have what you haven't by putting up something which is in reality quite unlike it. First, as to the color of the walls, dismiss from your mind all that you have ever heard about one color being suitable for a dining, and one for a library, and one for a drawing room; that's all spurious tradition—tradition of the shop-keeper. The color must depend on a thousand things, but *not* on whether you eat in the room or talk in it; one color is as good as another for either purpose. And again, remember this, that if you are going to hang pictures on your walls (and in these days of photographs and engravings it will be your own fault if you don't), you don't want to put on an elaborate paper which will attract the attention. What you want is a soft, dark-hued paper or tint that will throw up the pictures and relieve the eye. What color is best for this is a disputed question. I am disposed to think that for the old school of water-color drawings the tint should be delicate and not too dark, perhaps a light olive-green would be as good as any. For a body-color drawing, a photograph, or an oil-painting, nothing looks so well as red; but it is an excessively difficult color to get the right shade of, and is not suitable to a very light room. Some shades of dead blue are very beautiful, and form, with dark green hangings, one of the most pleasing harmonies of color you can have; but whenever you put colors so nearly allied together, you must be very sure of having the right shade, or the effect will be hideous. As in every thing else, if you once leave the beaten track of conventionality, you must be a law to yourself, and dare failure on your own responsibility. I think, as a rule, light blues and yellows are not advisable, unless the room is a very small one; they have a cold, cheerless look in large quantities. For the same reason, French gray and salmon-color are to be carefully avoided.

In my next article I shall speak of modern china and pottery, and their place in art decoration.—*London Spectator.*

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* A very good imitation of stained glass may be easily made by the process known as "Vitremanie."

GENERAL GRANT'S DEPARTURE.

On page 424 we give an illustration showing the embarkation of General Grant and his family at Philadelphia on board the steam-ship *Indiana.* General Grant's departure was made the occasion of a cordial farewell demonstration, in which all classes of the community seem to have taken a hearty and enthusiastic share. The steamer *Magenta* carried the ex-President, the members of his late cabinet, with other distinguished persons, and the invited guests from Philadelphia, to the number of about five hundred persons. The United States revenue-cutter *Hamilton* bore Mrs. Grant, under the care of Mr. Childs and a few other leading citizens of Philadelphia. Both steamers accompanied the *Indiana* down the bay as far as Newcastle, Delaware, some thirty miles from the city, where, with many "Godspeeds," and with much cheering and blowing of steam-whistles, the honored guest and his family were, at half past three, transferred to the steamer which is now bearing them across the ocean.

Previous to the transfer there was a pleasant lunch on board the *Magenta,* and among those who gathered about the table were General U. S. Grant, at the head of the table; General W. T. Sherman on his right, and Mayor William S. Stokley, of Philadelphia, on his left; ex-Secretary of State Hon. Hamilton Fish; Lieutenant-Colonel Fred Grant; ex-Secretary of the Interior Hon. Zach. Chandler; Governor John F. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania; ex-Senator Simon Cameron; Senator J. Don Cameron; Adjutant-General James W. Latta; ex-Secretaries of the Navy George M. Robeson and A. E. Borie. Speeches were made by General Sherman, the Hon. Hamilton Fish, the Hon. George M. Robeson, and others; after which General Grant, in a quiet, earnest manner, plainly showing that he was not unmoved by the homage he had received, spoke as follows:

> "My dear friends: I was not aware that we would have so much speech-making here, or that it would be necessary for me to say any more to you; but I feel that the compliments you have showered upon me were not altogether deserved. They should not all be paid to me, either as a soldier or as a civil officer. As a general, your praises do not all belong to me; as the Executive of the nation, they were not due to me. There is no man that can fill both or either of these positions without the help of good men. I selected my lieutenants when I was in both positions, and they were men, I believe, who could have filled my place often better than I did. I never flattered myself that I was entitled to the place you gave me. My lieutenants could have acted perhaps better than I, had the opportunity presented itself. Sherman could have taken my place as a soldier or in a civil office; and so could Sheridan, and others that I might name. I am sure that if the country ever comes to this need again, there will be men for the work: there will be men born for every emergency. Again I thank you, and again I bid you good-by; and once again I say that if I had failed, Sherman, or Sheridan, or some of my other lieutenants would have succeeded."

Long-continued cheering followed the conclusion of General Grant's remarks, and soon afterward the party embarked on the *Indiana.* The good wishes of the whole nation follow the General and his family on their journey.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, 3.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 10.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday, 17.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist; Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 29.—St. Peter.

Our country has produced few, if any, more complete scholars than Professor Tayler Lewis, of Union College, who died on May 11, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. It could be said of him, *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.* The versatility of his scholarship was as remarkable as its thoroughness. In philology, philosophy, law, politics, but more especially in Biblical learning, he had made himself an authority among his countrymen. He was a native of this State, having been born in Saratoga County in 1802. Graduating at Union College, he began, soon after, the practice of law at Fort Miller; but fascinated by his philological studies, he abandoned the law and opened a school. In 1838 he was elected Professor of Greek in the University of New York; in 1849 he accepted the same chair in Union College, and held it at the time of his death. His studies, however, spread far beyond the limits of his department, and he gave their fruit in a series of publications, all of which attracted public attention. Among these were *Plato Against the Atheists, The Six Days of Creation, The Bible and Science, The Divine-Human in the Scriptures.* Many of the finest essays in the Editor's Table of *Harper's Magazine* were written by him. To the end of his life his pen was busy. During his last sickness he regularly furnished the *Sunday-school Times* with an exposition of the current lesson in the International Series.

During its closing years the life of Professor Lewis was in every way admirable. He was deaf, and could communicate with his fellow-men only by means of pen and pencil. For months he was tortured with sciatica; "but the venerable man," says the *Christian Intelligencer,* "solaced many a sleepless night by puzzling out in his head original mathematical problems, or by musical and poetical compositions, or by recreations in Greek, Hebrew, and other languages, or with the lofty thoughts of Genesis, or Job, or other Biblical books with which his mind and pen had been busy during the day." Lying upon his back, in this condition, he would dictate papers intended for the press. And so, as every good man who lives ever in the "great Task-master's eye" would wish, he ceased at once to work and live. Such men as Professor Lewis leave more to the world than the fruits of their scholarship; their lives are a still more precious fruitage, and, though dead, they continue to speak.

The General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church met in Philadelphia May 9. Bishop Fallows was elected president. There was a full attendance of ministers and lay delegates. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. Mason Gallagher, and was intended as a vindication of the organization of the Church. The bishops, in their reports, stated that the accessions to the churches during the year had been numerous. Three new parishes have been organized in Chicago and its vicinity. A tract of 160 acres of land near Chicago, valued at $200,000, has been given for the promotion of education. An important resolution was adopted by the Council, making the supervision of the bishops general, as in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Rev. Charles A. Dickey, a delegate from the Presbyterian General Assembly, was present at the second day's session, and was suitably received.

The ecclesiastical news from Italy promises to be deeply interesting this summer. The bulletins in relation to the Pope's health fly thick and fast over Europe. At present, says the Roman correspondent of the London *Guardian,* he "has relinquished his habit of early rising, and similarly he has been compelled to say his daily mass sitting, and to take as little walking exercise as possible. His walks in the garden of the Vatican, attended by two of his house prelates, are less frequent, and in his audiences the *portantina* must be constantly employed. It is said that he is quite well, only his lower limbs fail him." He continues to make addresses, though more briefly than formerly, to the deputations that crowd the reception-rooms of the Vatican.

The annual meeting of the American Sunday-school Union was held in St. Louis May 10. The summary of missionary work done through the year showed 1127 schools organized, 42,184 scholars collected, 8726 Bibles and Testaments distributed, and 12,064 families visited.

Father Hyacinthe's first lecture in Paris was a splendid success, but not such a success as he most desired. The Winter Circus, on the Boulevard du Temple, was "densely crowded from floor to ceiling by an eager audience, and not a single inch of room was left unoccupied when the hour announced for the lecture—two o'clock—was at hand." The audience was mainly composed of Protestants; very few Catholics were present, and scarce a single working-man. Among the notable men who came to hear the famous orator were M. De Girardin, M. About, M. Crémieux, M. Arago, and John Lemoine. The authorities had limited Father Hyacinthe to moral topics, and he therefore spoke upon the "Love of Truth as the Foundation of Good Morals." Though put by legal restraints into fetters, he nevertheless achieved an oratorical triumph. His subject carried him ever and anon to the boundary of the forbidden—politics and religion—and he would be compelled suddenly to drop his argument. What a pity that a man capable of rousing all France, whose heart is burning with the desire to tell his countrymen of a better life and a better hope, should be silenced in this fashion! And France is just now a republic; but then there are republics and republics.

In the arrangements for the summer the Sunday-school conventions and encampments will hold the same place in the public mind as Mr. Moody's Tabernacle meetings in the winter. Eight State conventions will be held in June, as follows: Ohio, at Delaware, 5–7; Nebraska, at Omaha, 5–7; New York, at Buffalo, 12–14; Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, 12–14; Iowa, at Otumwa, 12–14; Minnesota, at Mankato, 19–21; Kentucky, at Paris, 26–28; Indiana, at Terre Haute, 26–28. One Sunday-school encampment falls in June, that at Cazenovia, which opens the 28th and continues to July 5. The other encampments (already noticed in this Intelligence) will be: Lakeside, Put-in-Bay, Ohio, July 10–17; Lake Bluff, near Chicago, July 17–27; Inter-State, Loveland, Ohio, July 4–August 12; Chautauqua Lake, New York, August 4–23; Parliament, at Wellesley Island, St. Lawrence River, August 20–31; Clear Lake, Iowa, August 27–September 6. At Chautauqua a *Daily Herald* will be published. Among the lecturers will be ministers and laymen well known in all the churches.

A PERILOUS TRIP.

Our double-page engraving gives a spirited and graphic picture of one of the most exciting adventures that ever took place in the mining regions of Nevada. The flume represented in our illustration is owned by Messrs. Mackey & Fair, and is located in the mountains near Carson City. It is about fifteen miles in length, leading from a lofty elevation down to the plain, and crossing in its course deep ravines, skirting terrible precipices and chasms, and presenting many sharp curves. It is fed with water from Lake Tahoe, and empties into a creek near Carson City. This flume, said to be the longest in the world, is used to carry down timber which is cut on the mountains.

There are several places in its course where the incline is slight, and visitors are occasionally treated to a short trip over these inclines in a boat constructed for that purpose. The two men who took the trip depicted in our engraving were workmen, who some months ago conceived the notion of shooting down the entire length of the flume. To carry out this fool-hardy adventure, they constructed a strong boat, sharp at the bow and square at the stern, and fitting the flume closely enough to keep it steady.

The men describe the trip as something terrific. The heavy boat got a fearful headway, and the men had no means of stopping it. In shooting round the curves they thought it would jump the flume, and precipitate them into the chasm that yawned beneath. Down the steeper inclines the boat sped with more than express-train velocity. The fifteen miles were passed in less than eleven minutes! From the foot of the mountain to where the flume empties, the incline is gentle, and here the boat gradually lost its terrific headway, and at length glided smoothly into the creek. Unharmed, but scared almost out of their senses, the men stepped ashore, and one of them was heard to remark that he would not make that trip again for all the silver and gold in Nevada.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A circular has been recently issued by the Paris Department of the International Exhibition Company—whose office is in the Judges' Hall, Centennial grounds, Philadelphia—giving information in regard to the Paris Universal Exposition to be held in 1878. It is stated that all governments, except Germany, Morocco, and the United States, have already accepted the invitation of the French authorities to participate in this Exhibition, and space has been allotted to them. England is making extensive preparations; and there is a strong desire that the official invitation of the French should be accepted by our government, and that a creditable representation of American products and manufactures should be secured. The Paris Exhibition will open May 1, 1878, and close on the following 31st of October. Goods will be received from January 1, 1878, until March 30. No charge is made for space; a limited quantity of steam, gas, and motive power will be supplied free; and the General Commission will take precautions for the preservation of all objects exhibited, and for the protection of inventions. But expenses of packing, transporting, and arranging goods are to be borne by exhibitors. No duties will be demanded for any goods except such as are intended for consumption. The general classification of articles to be exhibited is as follows: Works of Art; Education and Instruction; Furniture and Accessories; Textile Fabrics; Mining Industries; Apparatus and Processes used in Mechanical Manufactures; Alimentary Products; Agriculture and Pisciculture; and Horticulture. Those who desire to become exhibitors would do well to communicate with the International Exhibition Company.

The long voyage of the *City of Brussels,* of the Inman Line, had caused great anxiety among friends of the passengers, when a fortunate meeting with another steamer was the means of relieving wearisome suspense. It appears that the *City of Brussels* was disabled by a broken shaft on the second day out from New York, and the commander continued the voyage under sail. A large party of pilgrims, on their way to attend the celebration in Rome, were on board the steamer.

Admission tickets to the Permanent Exhibition in Philadelphia cost twenty-five cents each, the holder being also admitted into Memorial Hall, in which the collection of the Philadelphia Museum and School of Industrial Art is to be placed. The Saturdays in May are set apart for the school-children, the admission fee for teachers and pupils on those days being ten cents.

As a token of appreciation for his valuable services, the Hon. A. T. Goshorn, Director-General of the Centennial Exhibition, has been presented with a handsome library of five thousand volumes by the citizens of Philadelphia. The presentation ceremonies took place in Independence Hall. The library is a valuable one, and each volume bears an engraving of the coat of arms of the city, and the following: "This volume is one of a library that was presented, May 11, 1877, to Hon. A. T. Goshorn, as a memento of respect and esteem by the citizens of Philadelphia, for his services in organizing and directing the United States Centennial Exhibition in 1876."

There seems to be a public call for architects, engineers, and builders who are thoroughly competent. The bursting of reservoirs, the breaking of railroad bridges, the falling of post-office roofs and court-house walls, indicate either a deficiency in knowledge of the principles of sound construction, or incompetency or fraud in the building processes. When science tells us just how much a wall of brick or stone or a pillar of iron will support, and gives definite laws for safe construction, it is not at all satisfactory to hear of roofs and walls falling because "unsupported" and "inadequate."

As one consequence of the California drought, an immense number of sheep have died of starvation. It is estimated that one-half the sheep in the State have perished from this cause.

A carnival in May is out of season any where, and a carnival in New York during that month has shown itself not only ill-timed but ill-placed. Such an affair may be successful in Southern Europe, or in some of the cities of our Southern States, where it is an established custom; but our citizens do not take kindly to such burlesques. The recent attempt at a "carnival" seemed nothing more or less than an "advertising dodge" and a senseless folly.

Shall we learn Russian names by means of the war? An exchange attempts to give a lesson, thus:

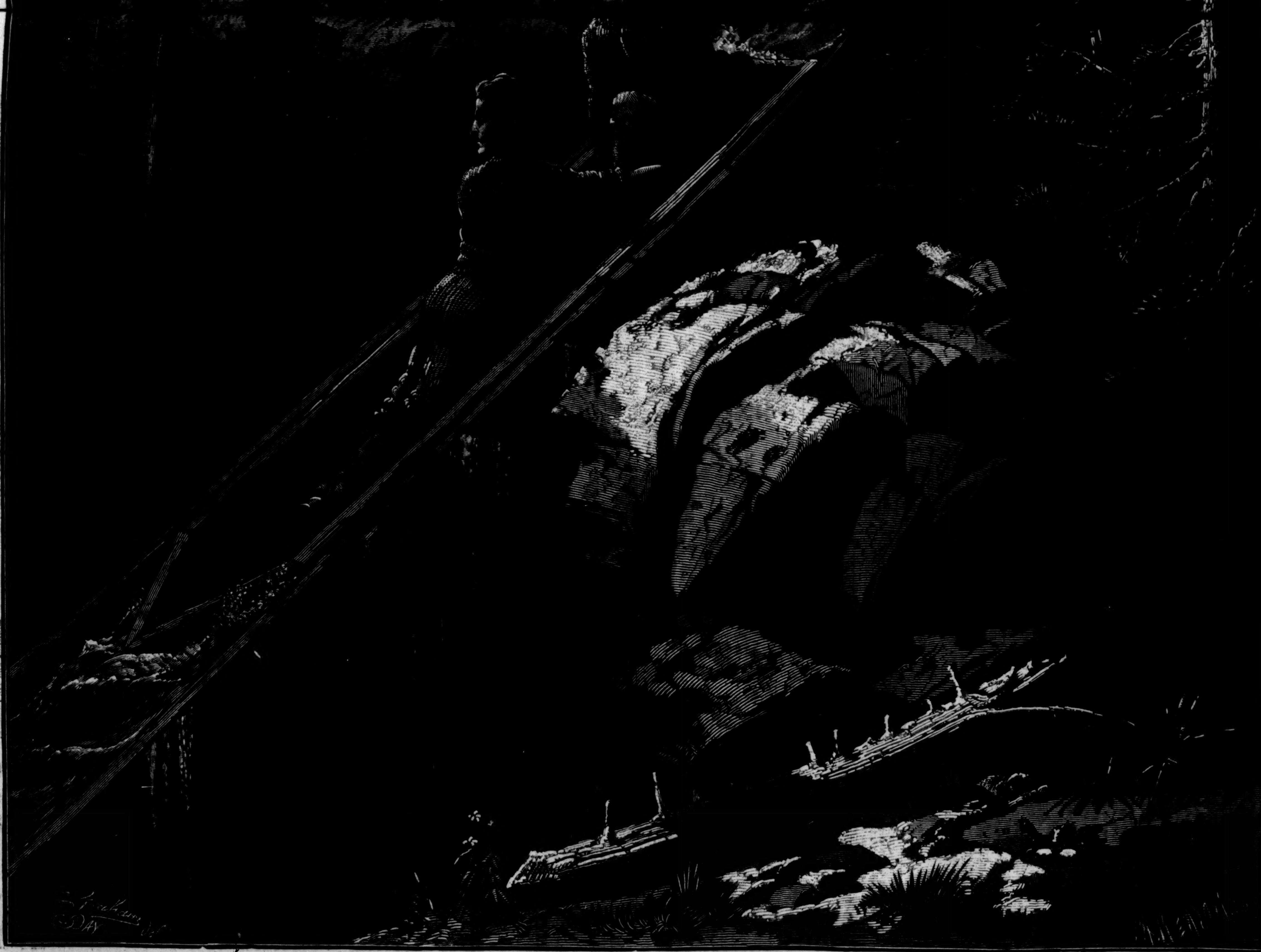
"But when the Czar at last,
Arming his youth,
Sent Petrovlarsichravst
Over to Pruth;
When Ibraimrustechukus
Met Stchobielefstt,
Sighed the newspaper man,
'Give us a rest.'

"No rest; for Khalifat-
Irtschuskcamos-
Daripstefoalmat
Phrstchigolas
Met in the field where
Guiguervenogorih-
Wallahnoskwapchtinere-
Prstch," etc.

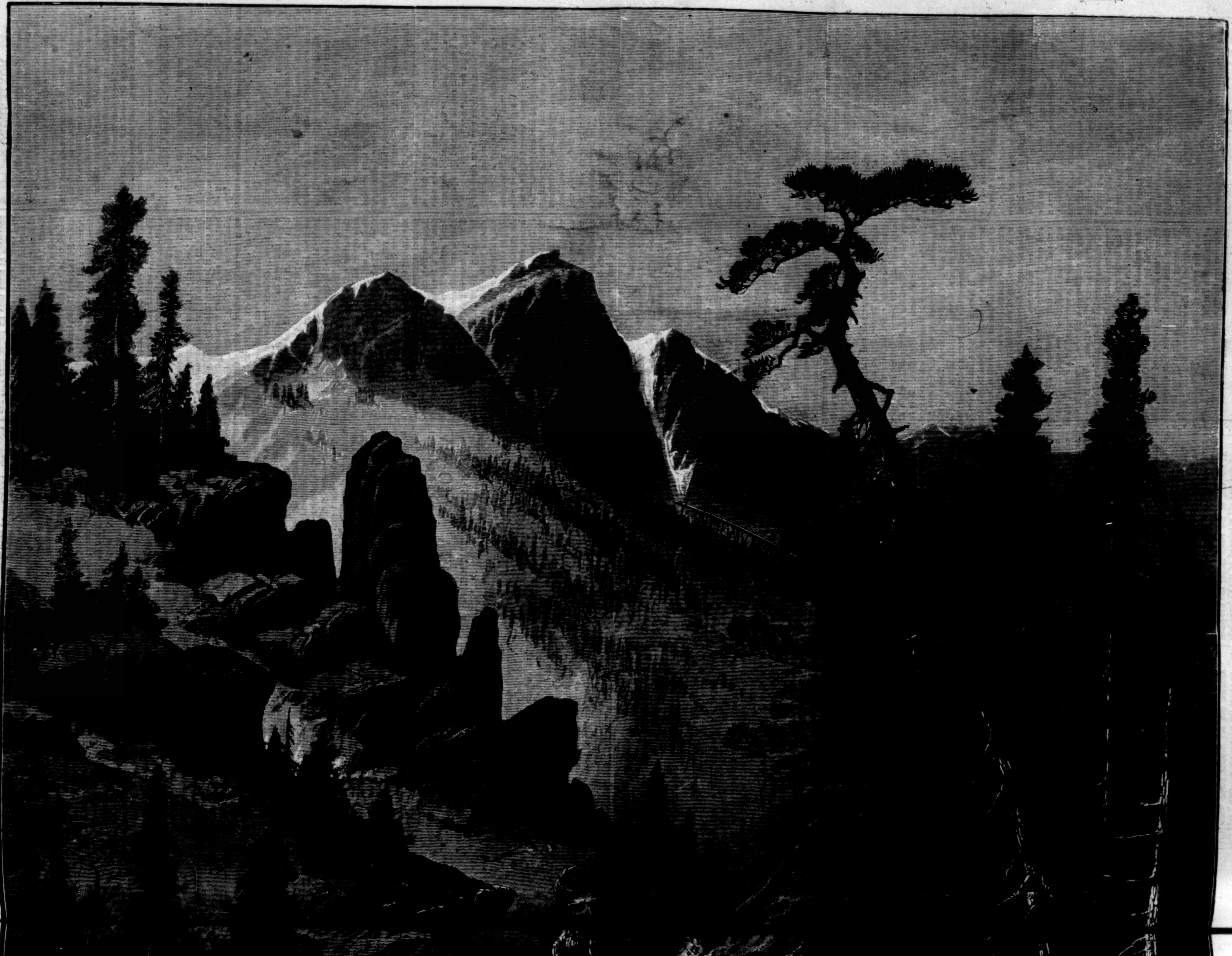
Here the teacher becomes discouraged.

A proposition has been made to establish a permanent music-hall in New York suitable for summer and winter concerts, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. The site suggested is the block bounded by Madison and Fourth avenues, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets. A location so central could not fail to be popular; and if the plans of the projectors are carried out, New York will have one of the finest temples of music in the world.

Every family should now buy a sewing-machine if possible. All the important patents connected with these machines have expired, and prices have been reduced, in many cases one-half. About twenty-five years ago a combination was formed by which several companies made common use of the patent for continuous feed motion. The mutual arrangements then made tended to keep the prices of all sewing-machines high—so high that many were unable to purchase. This patent has been twice extended, and the law would not allow any further extension. The final result anticipated is that the number of machines sold will be increased, the public will be benefited, and manufacturers will not find their business particularly injured, on the whole.



A PERILOUS TRIP—SHOOTING A FLUME IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.—DRAWN BY GRAHAM AND DAY.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



MONTENEGRO.

THEY rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night
Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.
O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
Of Freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernagora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT.

OUR Supplement this week consists of a four-page pictorial map, drawn and engraved expressly for *Harper's Weekly*, which gives a bird's-eye view of the scene of military operations in the East. It includes the southernmost portion of the Russian Empire, the whole of European Turkey, and all of Turkey in Asia, where the armies of the Cross and the Crescent now confront each other. The little kingdom of Greece, the Danubian Principalities, and a portion of the Austrian Empire are also shown. With this map before him, the reader can easily trace the progress of military operations. The mountains, rivers, seas, and cities are distinctly marked, and great pains have been taken to insure entire accuracy in regard to every point. By the aid of colored pencils, or pins whose heads may be decorated in some manner that will make one set distinguishable from the other, the hostile armies may be easily represented, and the reader thus enabled to keep the position of affairs always before him. In this way newspaper dispatches, which to minds occupied with other matters frequently read like the utterances of some hidden oracle, will at once become invested with meaning, and the reader, lost in the mazes of Eastern geography, rescued from his bewilderment. The back of the map has been left a blank, so that without losing any thing of interest it can be mounted upon pasteboard and kept for reference.

In the opinion of those who have most thoroughly studied the subject, the Russian advance into the Asiatic dominions of Turkey is likely to be of greater importance than the advance into European Turkey. We give, therefore, in connection with our map some account of the country in which the armies of the Czar, pressing forward from Tiflis, are at this moment operating. Armenia, one of the great pashalics or provinces of the Turkish Empire, lies upon the southern slope of the Caucasus, southwest of Georgia, and separated from the Black Sea by the narrow strip of land called Trebizond. The important towns of Armenia are Kars, Erzerum, and Bayazid or Bayezeed, the first-named being at the present moment invested by the Russian forces, which began the siege April 29. Kars is the capital of the pashalic, or eyalet, and therefore an important point, occupying as it does a position nearly on the Russian frontier, and being the outlet for the great transit trade between Turkey and Russia. It has a population of 12,000, whose experience in the late war between these two countries will probably serve them well in their present strait. The siege of Kars by the Russians under MOURAVIEFF, and its defense by the Turks, in 1855, with the aid and under the conduct of General WILLIAMS, form one of the most brilliant passages in the history of that terrible struggle. The siege began on the 16th of June, and the place held out until December.

Erzerum is situated on a high but tolerably well cultivated plain, at a distance of about 110 miles southwest of Kars. This peculiar and marvelously constructed town must be visited in order to awaken full appreciation; but for a description of it we can not do better than to quote a few passages from a small volume on *Armenia*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS. It is from the pen of the Hon. ROBERT CURZON, member of the commission appointed in 1842 to decide the vexed question of boundaries in this part of the world. The style of the writer is sufficiently brilliant to make his work popular even if it were written upon a less interesting subject. Borrowing from PEPYS his pet exclamation, Mr. CURZON begins by saying: "'Lord to see!' what a place is this Erzerum! I have never seen or heard of any thing the least like it. It is totally and entirely different from any thing I ever saw before. As the whole view, whichever way we looked, was wrapped in interminable snow, we had not at first any very distinct idea of the nature of the ground that might be underneath. The tops of the houses being flat, the snow-covered city did not resemble any other town, but appeared more like a great rabbit-warren. In the neighborhood of the consulate there were several large heaps and mounds of earth, and it was difficult to the uninitiated to discriminate correctly which was a house and which was a heap of soil and stones. Streets, glass windows, green doors with brass knockers, areas, and chimney-pots were things only known from the accounts of travellers from the distant regions where such things are used." Further on, in speaking of the peculiarities of these semi-subterranean dwellings, Mr. CURZON says: "There are stories, perhaps founded on fact, of hungry thieves lifting the flat stone off the top of the chimney and fishing up the kettle in which the supper was stewing over the fire below, with a hooked stick—a feat which would not be at all difficult if the cook was thinking of something else, as sometimes will happen even in the best-regulated families." Erzerum is a town of which it may be said, "Its glory has departed." At the beginning of this century the population is said to have amounted to 100,000. Of late years it has become reduced to one-half that number; and every where throughout the city and suburbs ruins are found that show it to have possessed at some time an importance that has long since passed away.

Bayazid lies about 150 miles to the southeast of Erzerum, and fifteen miles to the southwest of Mount Ararat. It is well fortified, and has a population of about 5000. Prior to 1830 it had a brisk trade, and the number of its inhabitants amounted to about 15,000, but since that time its commerce and also its population have rapidly decreased, owing, it is said, to the interference of Russia. Being situated near the frontier of that empire, it has been the scene of several conflicts. During the Crimean campaign the Russians gained a signal triumph over the Turks at this point.

Trebizond, lying between Armenia and the Black Sea, is another Turkish eyalet, possessing a population of about 250,000. Its most important town is a flourishing sea-port of the same name. Situated upon a rocky table-land, from which peculiarity it takes its name, the town of Trebizond presents an imposing appearance from the sea. It is surrounded by walls of great extent, which also inclose numerous gardens. The inhabitants are chiefly Moslems. Outside the walls are various suburbs where the Christian part of the population resides, and where the principal bazars and khans have been established. The town is defended by several forts along the walls, and by a fortified citadel perched upon a high rock on one side of the town. Trebizond has no safe port for ships except in the summer season. During the stormy months vessels find a harbor at Platena, seven miles to the west. Batum, situated in the same eyalet, about 108 miles northeast of Trebizond, is the only good port on the eastern end of the Black Sea, and the only safe one at all in the winter season. It is well sheltered, and capable of containing a great many ships. The harbor is formed by a long point of land running out in a northerly direction, and has excellent and secure anchorage for ships of any draught of water. It is the most convenient point of communication with Persia, Georgia, and Armenia from the sea. In the Middle Ages, Batum was a town of much importance, and suffered severely from the wars. Ruins of Greek churches and other edifices are found in the neighborhood, many of them being extensive and very interesting. Its population is about 3000. The eastern portion is healthful, but the west side is not, owing to marshes, which in the months from July to October render it very injurious to health. An extensive export trade is carried on in hides, honey, and oak for ship-building purposes.

Transcaucasia, occupying a position between the Caucasian range on the north and Armenia and Persia on the west and south, is a small tract of land belonging to the Russians, and included, so far as governmental jurisdiction is concerned, within that portion of the Czar's dominions known as the Caucasus. This district includes the whole of Western Georgia, at one time the possession of Persia, but wrenched from that empire in her frequent struggles with Russia. The inhabitants are celebrated for their beauty, and under Mohammedan rule the white slaves of Western Asia and of Egypt were mostly drawn from among them and the Circassians. Many are followers of Islam, but a large proportion profess the doctrines of the Greek Church. The condition of the people, though somewhat ameliorated under Russian rule, is, on the whole, deplorable. The most flourishing sea-port of Transcaucasia is Redut-Kalé, situated on the eastern shore of the Black Sea. It is the port of Tiflis, of which an illustration was given in a recent number of the *Weekly*. A line of steamboats connects Redut-Kalé with Trebizond, Smyrna, Constantinople, and Marseilles. The trade carried on is considerable. The principal exports are raw silk, caviare, and timber, while the imports consist chiefly of cotton, woolen stuffs, wine, and hardwares. During the Crimean war the town was nearly consumed by fire, but it has since been rebuilt and fortified. Ten miles to the south of Redut-Kalé lies the port of Poti. It suffers through the peculiarity of its harbor, a heavy bar obstructing the passage of vessels of any size.

South of Transcaucasia, and nearly upon the confines of Asiatic Turkey, lies an inland sea of considerable extent, called the Lake of Van. Its area is about 1200 square miles, the length being in the neighborhood of eighty miles, while the extreme breadth measures fifty miles. It is fed by eight or more small streams, and has no visible outlet. Its waters are salt, and the only fish caught in it are a kind of sardines. These are salted, and exported throughout Asia Minor. Near the southeast shore of this lake stands a fortified town called Van. It is some 145 miles distant from Erzerum, and has a population of about 15,000. One of the principal industries is the manufacture of cotton goods, and the bazars are usually well stored with the produce of the vicinity. Van is always called among the Armenians Schamiramakert, *i. e.*, "Town of Semiramis." It contains ancient ruins, and cuneal inscriptions are found in which the name of XERXES frequently occurs. At the present time the fortifications are much dilapidated; but the town is overlooked by a citadel, which from its position on a lofty height would become important in case of an attack. Van is one of the stations occupied by the mission of the Congregational Church in Turkey. It has been called "the Sevastopol of the Armenian Church," and the brethren had long wished to see mission families stationed there. The other stations now occupied by the mission of the Congregational Church are Erzerum, Harpoot, and Mardin, Bitlis having been included in the Van station field. The station at Erzerum is the only one likely to be disturbed by the war, the others being remote from the scene of hostilities. The out-stations of the Eastern Turkish mission number 114. The churches are thirty, with a total number of 1567; nineteen of these churches have native preachers, and there are thirty other native preachers, ninety-five teachers, and sixty-three helpers.

To the westward of Van lies the pashalic of Diarbekir. The capital, a town of the same name, is situated on the right bank of the Tigris, at a short distance from the river, the intervening space being occupied by handsome gardens. The town, which is circular in shape, occupies a considerable area, and is surrounded by high walls, flanked with towers, and pierced by four gates. The streets are dirty, and the houses for the most part are built of rough stone, plastered with a composition of mud and straw; but some of the better class are of black basalt. It has numerous handsome mosques, khans, bazars, and also five Christian churches. Extensive manufactures of silk, cotton, and other goods, which, together with an active commerce between Aleppo and Bagdad, affording employment to about 40,000 families, were at one time carried on here. At present the trade and manufactures have greatly declined, and the population of Diarbekir does not now amount to more than 8000 families. A large proportion of these is Turkish, the rest being Greek, Armenian, Catholic, and Jewish. The silk manufacture, however, has improved of late, but will probably be paralyzed again by the effects of the present war. Diarbekir occupies the site of the Amida, which was a place of importance in the reign of CONSTANTINE, by whom it was greatly strengthened and enlarged. It was afterward captured by the Persians, and again retaken by the Romans. In 503 it fell for the second time into the hands of the Persians, and for the next thousand years it suffered an endless series of vicissitudes. In 1515 it finally passed into the possession of the Sultan SELIM of Turkey.

The above short summary is intended to include only a few of the more important points on our map which are in the immediate vicinity of that portion of Asiatic Turkey at present threatened by the forces of Russia. As the theatre of war changes from one scene to another, the localities will be illustrated and described from time to time in the columns of the *Weekly*.

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AN OPEN VERDICT.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"DOWER'D WITH OUR CURSE, AND STRANGER'D WITH OUR OATH."

THERE was no pleasanter house in Little Yafford or its neighborhood to visit on a Sunday evening than the shabby old Vicarage in which Mr. and Mrs. Dulcimer had lived happily for the last twenty years. It was an old house, and had never been a grand house even in its best days. Indeed, there was a legend in Little Yafford that it had once belonged to a farm, and there was a certain homely substantiality and solidity about it which favored that idea. Severe critics declared that there was not a single good room in the house, and it must be admitted that all the rooms were low, and that the chimneys projected into them in a way which modern architecture disallows, leaving four deep recesses on each side to be filled up with books, old china, or such miscellaneous goods as Mrs. Piper, of the Park, denounced under the comprehensive epithet rubbish. The windows were small casements, with leaden lattices, and admitted as little light as was consistent with their obvious function. Heavy old beams supported the low ceilings; big old grates devoured incalculable quantities of fuel, but happily coals—pronounced for the most part as a dissyllable—co-als—were cheap at Little Yafford.

The furniture was in keeping with the house, for it was all ancient and shabby, and had a wonderful individuality about it, which, in Clement Dulcimer's opinion, quite atoned for its shabbiness. Almost all those old chairs and tables, and sofas, and brass-mounted sideboards, and Indian cabinets, and Queen Anne what-nots, had come to the vicar by inheritance; and it was to him as if he saw the friendly faces of the dead-and-gone kindred smiling at him from the three-cornered bureau, or the Japanese escritoire, or the walnut-wood chest of drawers. He even got into the way of calling the furniture after the testators who had left it to him, and would tell his wife to fetch him the packet of sermon paper out of Aunt Tabitha, or that he had left his spectacles on Uncle Joseph.

The dining-room on this autumnal Sunday evening had a look of homely comfort which was cheering to a heart not given wholly over to spiritual things. It was a long low room with three square casements on the southern side, and a wide old fire-place bordered with blue and white Dutch tiles at the end. On each side of the fire-place was the deep recess before mentioned, filled with old oak shelves on which were ranged the odds and ends of porcelain and delf which had, as it were, dropped from various branches of the family tree into Clement Dulcimer's lap. Aunt Tabitha's Swansea tea set, with its sprawling red roses on a cream-colored ground; Uncle Timothy's quaint Lowestoft jugs; Cousin Simeon's Bow tea-pot and punch bowl; grandmamma's Oriental dessert plates; a Chelsea shepherdess minus an arm; a Chelsea shepherd piping to a headless sheep. There was a good deal of rubbish, no doubt, as Mrs. Piper declared, amidst that heterogeneous collection; but there was a great deal more value in those cups and plates than Clement Dulcimer suspected, or he would have been sorely tempted to exchange them for books.

At the end of the room facing the fire-place stood that fine old sideboard of the Chippendale period, familiarly known as Uncle John. Facing the windows were book-shelves from floor to ceiling; books enough to constitute a library in most people's opinion, but only the refuse and outcasts of Clement Dulcimer's collection.

To-night a big fire burned in the capacious grate, a log of the old poplar that was blown down in the last high wind blazing merrily at the top of the coals, as if the stout old tree felt glad to make so jovial an end. The long table shone and glittered with old silver and heavy diamond-cut glass, with here and there a tall-stemmed beaker, or an engraved flask as old as the pictures of Teniers or Breughel. A bowl of chrysanthemums, a darkly glazed ham, a game pie, a sirloin, and a salad made a glow of color, and promised a substantial repast. Every body knew that what the vicar gave was of the best; no cheap Champagnes or doubtful Moselles, but sound claret, and the finest beer that was brewed on this side of York.

The supper hour was supposed to be nine o'clock, and on returning from church the gentlemen had come straight to the dining-room. Mrs. Dulcimer and the two girls found them there when they came down stairs after taking off their bonnets.

The vicar was standing in front of the fire, caressing his favorite tabby cat with his foot, as that privileged animal rolled upon the hearth-rug. Sir Kenrick sat in Cousin Simeon's arm-chair, a deep, velvet-covered chair, almost as large as a small house. Cyril stood with his head leaning against the high chimney-piece, looking dreamily down at the fire.

"Welcome, young ladies!" exclaimed the vicar, cheerily. "I thought Mrs. Dulcimer was never going to give us our supper. Come, Beatrix, this is your place at my right hand."

"And Sir Kenrick will sit next Beatrix," cried Mrs. Dulcimer, on manœuvring intent. "Isabella, my love, you next the Vicar, and Cyril must sit by me. I want to ask him about the next missionary meeting."

They were all seated after good-natured Mrs. Dulcimer's desire. Kenrick by the side of Beatrix, gravely contemplative of the fine face with its rich un-English coloring; Cyril looking a little distrait as lively Miss Scratchell discussed his sermon, in her bright, appreciative way, and with an air of being quite as well read in theology as he was. A wonderful girl, Miss Scratchell, with a knack of picking up stray facts, and educating herself with the crumbs that fell from other people's tables, just as her father's poultry picked up their nourishment in the open street and other people's stable-yards.

"How did you like the sermon, Sir Kenrick?" asked Isabella, smiling across the chrysanthemums, and offering to the baronet's contemplation an insignificant prettiness, all dimples and pale pink roses.

"As much as I like any sermons, except the vicar's," answered Kenrick, coolly. "I like to hear Mr. Dulcimer preach because he makes me think. I sit on tenter-hooks all the time, longing to stand up and argue the point with him. But as for Cyril's moral battering-rams and catapults, and all the artillery which he brings to bear against my sinful soul, I'm afraid their chief effect is to make me drowsy."

"They do other people good, though," said Isabella. "Mrs. Piper told me she never felt awakened till she heard Mr. Culverhouse's Lent sermons."

"Praise from Mrs. Piper is praise indeed," remarked the vicar.

"Oh, but she really does know a good deal about sermons," said Isabella. "She is very fond of what she calls serious reading; she reads a sermon every morning before she goes to her cook to order the dinner."

"And then she goes to the larder and looks at the joints to see if there have been 'followers' overnight," suggested Kenrick, "and according to her theological reading is the keenness of her eye and the acidity of her temper. If she has been reading Jeremy Taylor, she takes a liberal view of the sirloin, and orders a hot joint for the servants' hall. If she has been reading old Latimer, she is humorous and caustic, and orders hash and cold meat as too good for domestic sinners. But if her pious meditations have been directed by Baxter or Charnock, I pity the cook. There will be short commons in the servants' hall that day."

Bella laughed heartily. She had a pretty laugh, and she made it a rule to laugh at any sally of Sir Kenrick's. It is something for a penniless village lawyer's daughter to be on familiar terms with a baronet, even though his estate be ever so heavily mortgaged. Bella felt that her intimacy with the Vicarage and its surroundings lifted her above the rest of the Scratchells. Her younger sisters used to ask her what Sir Kenrick was like, and if he wore thick-soled boots like common people, and ever drank any thing so vulgar as beer.

The supper went on merrily. The vicar talked of men and of books, the younger men joining in just enough to sustain the conversation. Supper at the Vicarage—substantial as the meal was—seemed more or less an excuse for sitting at a table talking for a couple of hours at a stretch. Long after the sirloin had been carried off to do duty in the kitchen, Mr. Dulcimer sat in the carver's seat, sipping his claret and talking of men and books. Beatrix could not imagine any thing more delightful than those Sunday evening discourses.

But now came a message from the footman in the kitchen to remind his mistress that it was half past ten. The rule at Water House was for every door to be locked and bolted when the clock struck eleven. Beatrix started up like Cinderella at the ball.

"Oh, Mrs. Dulcimer, I had no idea it was so late!"

"A tribute to my conversation, or a proof of your patience, my dear," said the vicar. "Cyril, you'll see Miss Harefield home. Jane, run and get Miss Harefield's bonnet."

"Kenrick can see Beatrix home while Cyril tells us about the missionary meeting," said that artful Mrs. Dulcimer.

"My dear Mrs. Dulcimer, I can tell you about the missionary meeting this minute. I have had a letter from Mr. Vickerman, and he will be very happy to preach in the morning this day three weeks, and to give a lecture in the school-room on the following evening."

The neat little parlor-maid came back laden with jackets and bonnets, and Beatrix and Isabella equipped themselves quickly for their walk.

"We really don't want any one," remarked Beatrix, blushing, as the two young men followed them into the hall. "James is here to take care of us."

James, in pepper and salt, pulled his forelock assentingly.

"But I am going with you all the same," said Cyril, with gentle firmness, and he had the audacity to offer her his arm before Sir Kenrick could seize his opportunity.

Naturally Sir Kenrick gave his arm to Miss Scratchell.

"What will they say at home when I tell them this?" thought Bella.

She liked Cyril best, and admired him as the first among men, but she could not forget Sir Kenrick's title and ownership of an encumbered estate.

All the stars were shining out of the dark calm heaven—constellations and variable stars looking down at them from that unmerable remoteness beyond the planet Neptune. The walk was not long, but the way was full of beauty under that starry sky—a road that led down hill into the watery valley which made the chief loveliness of Little Yafford. It was a lonely road, leading away from the town—a road bordered on one side by a narrow wood of Scotch firs, on the other by a stretch of somewhat marshy common land, and so down into the valley where the Water House rose, with black old tower, ivy-shrouded, above the winding river. There was an old Roman bridge across the river, and then came the gates of the Water House, under an ancient archway.

Cyril walked away with Beatrix's hand under his arm, the footman following at a respectful distance. Mr. Culverhouse forgot—or ignored—the fact of Miss Scratchell's residence lying exactly the other way, and left Isabella to be disposed of by his cousin. Beatrix also seemed to forget all about her friend. She did not run back to bid Bella good-night. They would meet to-morrow, no doubt, and Bella—who was the soul of amiability—would forgive her.

They walked on in silence—that thrilling silence which tells of deepest feeling. These are the moments which women remember and look back upon in the gray sober hours of after-life. It is not some girlish triumph—the glory of ball-room or court—which the faded beauty recalls and meditates upon with that sense of sad sweetness that hangs round a lost dream. No; it is such a moment as this—when her hand hung tremulous upon her lover's arm, and words would not come from her lips that were faint with a great joy.

"Have you thought of what I said yesterday, Beatrix?" Cyril asked at last, in those grave tones of his which to her ear meant the most exquisite music.

"Did not you say it? What should I do but think of it? When do I ever think of any thing except you and your words?" she exclaimed, with a kind of impatience.

"And you have spoken to your father—or you have made up your mind to let me speak to him?"

"I have done neither. What is the use of my speaking—or of your speaking—unless you want my father to separate us forever? Do you think that he will be civil to you when he knows that I love you? Do you think he would let me marry the man I love? No; that would be showing me too much kindness. If we lived in the good old fairy-tale days, he would send out a herald to invite the ugliest and most hateful men in the kingdom to come and compete for his daughter's hand, and the ugliest and vilest should have the prize. That's how my father would treat me if the age we live in would allow him; and as he can't do quite so much as that, he will wait quietly till some detestable person comes in his way, and then order me to marry him."

"Beatrix, do you think it is right and just to talk like this?"

"I can't pronounce upon the rightness of it, but I know it is not unjust. I am saying nothing but the truth. Ah, Cyril, I may seem wicked and bitter and unwomanly when I talk like this—yes, I am all those bad things—a woman unworthy to be loved by you—except that I am so much to be pitied. But who has made me what I am? If you knew how I used to try to make my father love me! If you could have seen me when I was a little thin sickly child, creeping into his study, and crouching at his knee, to be repulsed just a little more harshly than he would have sent away a dog! I went on trying against every discouragement. Who else was there for me to love? who else was there to love me? My mother was gone; my governess told me that it was natural for a father to love his child—an only child—a motherless child most of all. So I went on trying. And I think the more I tried to win his love, the more hateful I became to him. And now, though we meet two or three times a day and speak civilly to each other, we live quite apart. When he was dangerously ill last winter, I used to sit in the corridor outside his bedroom day and night, fearing that he was going to die, and thinking that perhaps at the last he might relent, and remember that I was his daughter, and stretch out his feeble arms to me and take me to his heart. But though death came very near him—awfully near—there was no relenting."

"My darling, life has been very hard for you," said Cyril, with deepest pity.

She shocked him by her vehemence, but she moved him to compassion by the depth of by-gone misery her present indignation revealed.

"My father has been hard to me, and he has hardened me," she said. "He turned my heart to stone. It was cold and hard as stone, Cyril, till you melted it."

"My dearest, there are many duties involved in that great duty of honoring your father," pleaded Cyril, "and perhaps the chief of all is patience. You must be patient, love; the hour of relenting will come at last. Duty and filial love will win their reward. But you must never again speak of your father as you have spoken to-night. It is my duty to forbid this great sin. I could not see you kneeling at the altar rails, and put the sacred cup into your hands, knowing you cherished such a spirit as this."

"I will not disobey you," she answered, with a grave humility. "I will not speak of my father at all."

"And you will endeavor to think of him with kindness, as you used in the days when you were trying to win his love."

"In those days I used to think of him with fear," said Beatrix. "The sound of his voice or his footstep always made me shiver. But I had this saying in my mind, 'It is natural for a father to love his motherless child,' and I did try very hard, very patiently, to make him love me."

"Go on trying, dearest, and the love will come at last. Remember the parable of the unjust judge. Human love, like heavenly love, is to be won by many prayers. And if I am to be your lover and your husband, Beatrix, I can only be so with your father's knowledge and approval. Dearly, deeply as I love you, I will not stoop to win you by deceit and suppression. I would not so dishonor you, I could not so dishonor myself."

"Let me go, then," cried the girl, passionately. "Throw me away as you would throw a withered rose into that river," pointing to the dark stream under the Roman arch—shadowy waters on which the distant stars shone dimly—"you will never win me with his consent. He will not believe in your love for me. He will misjudge and insult you, for he believes in no man's truth or honor. He has made for himself a religion of hatred and suspicion. Why should we make him the ruler of our lives? why should we accept misery because he wills us to be miserable? You are quite sure that you love me, Cyril; it is really love and not pity that you feel for me?" she asked, suddenly, with a gush of womanliness breaking through the darker phase of feeling.

"The truest, fondest, deepest love man ever felt. Will that content you?"

"It does more than content me—it makes me exquisitely happy. Then, since you love me, Cyril, and really choose me above all other women—so many of them worthy to be so chosen—for your wife, you must stoop a little. You must be content to take me without my father's consent or blessing, and without his money. But we do not care for that, do we, either of us?"

"Not a jot, Beatrix. The money is a millstone round your neck. Let that go, with all my heart. But if you and I were to be quietly married some day at the old parish church, darling, and were to walk away together arm in arm into a happy, smiling, useful future, as we might do, can you guess what the world would say of your husband?"

"No; unless it said he was foolish to choose so faulty a wife."

"The world would say that the penniless curate played a deep game, and that, knowing Christian Hazelfield would never consent beforehand to receive him as a son-in-law, he had hazarded his chances on a clandestine marriage, counting upon Mr. Hazelfield's being won over to receive him and forgive his daughter afterward. That is what the world would say of any man, Beatrix, who married under such circumstances; and that is what the world shall not say of me."

"Then you value the world's opinion more than you value me?" said Beatrix.

"'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more,'"

answered her lover. "I shall call upon your father to-morrow."

The church clock and the stable clock at the Water House began to strike eleven.

"Good-night, Cyril. You must be the manager of our destiny; but I'm afraid you will bring about nothing but sorrow and parting."

"I will do what is right, my dear. I will trust in Him who rules and governs all hearts—even your father's when he seems hardest to you."

"Good-night, Cyril."

"Good-night, my best and dearest."

He would not take her to his heart or kiss the proud lips that were so near his own as they stood side by side in the shadow of the wide archway, though the person in pepper and salt kept at a discreet distance. He only took her hand and pressed it gently, and with a murmured blessing left her, just as the little low door in the archway opened, and the light shone faintly from within, making a kind of aureole round the bald head of the old gardener who lived in the mediæval gateway.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences took place at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, on the 17th of April, and of the ninety members about thirty were present. Among the business transacted was the election of five new members, as provided for by the constitution, the persons chosen being Dr. JOHN W. DRAPER, of New York, Dr. SCUDDER, of Cambridge, Dr. ELLIOTT COUES, of Washington, Dr. HENRY DRAPER, of New York, and Mr. C. S. PEIRCE, of the Coast Survey.

Many interesting and important papers were presented by members of the Academy and other gentlemen invited to participate in its proceedings, the aggregate number being beyond the average of previous sessions. The fall session of the Academy will be held, for the reading of papers only, at Columbia College, New York, on the second Tuesday of November next.

Among the choicest treasures of the St. Petersburg Museum are specimens of the skin, hair, and bones of the Siberian mammoth, obtained many years ago by ADAMS, a Russian merchant, from the natives in Northern Siberia. The entire animal had been washed out from a frozen gravel drift, and had served as food for the dogs of the natives for a long time.

Of late years the St. Petersburg Academy has endeavored to find a second complete specimen, having sent several expeditions out for the purpose. We are glad to learn that quite recently a well-preserved body, with the flesh and skin entire, has been found on the banks of the Obi, near the Mariinsky gold-washings, as announced by telegram of March 16, from Tomsk. Further operations in regard to this specimen have been postponed until the receipt of instructions from St. Petersburg.

The State of Nevada at the recent session of its Legislature passed a law establishing a Fish Commission for the purpose of suggesting and carrying out such measures as might be necessary for the improvement of the Nevada fisheries, and Mr. H. G. PARKER, a gentleman well known for his interest in natural history, has been appointed Commissioner.

In the report of the Vienna Academy, June 30, 1876, is a paper, by Professor VON EBNER, upon "Microscopical Researches on the Growth and Change of Hair." The author states that the root sheath, notwithstanding its being broken through by the hair, continues to grow during the whole hair vegetation, and in under the hair, even with greater rapidity than the hair itself, and also that new hairs are formed in the old dermis and in the old papillæ.

Professor TODD, of Washington, has prepared a continuation of DAMOISEAU's tables of the satellites of Jupiter, which extends to 1900. This has been printed by the American Ephemeris in a quarto of forty pages, and will be sent by Professor COFFIN to any astronomer having a copy of Damoiseau. The errata in DAMOISEAU's tables found by HIND, KENDALL, and TODD respectively occupy nearly three quarto pages.

MR. THADDEUS NORRIS, the veteran and well-known angler, died in Philadelphia in April last, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. His work entitled *The American Angler's Book* gave him a deserved reputation by the accounts of the American game fishes and the best method of capturing them. As a professional manufacturer of rods, flies, etc., he had very few equals. He was largely concerned in the preliminary arrangements for the erection of the aquaria exhibited at the Philadelphia Exhibition in the Agricultural Building, although, owing to the indisposition under which he labored in the latter part of his life, he was prevented from giving it his undivided attention.

The Annual Report of the Inspector of Marine Products for the city of Washington for the year 1876 presents a very unsatisfactory picture of the condition of the Potomac fisheries, a gradual decrease having manifested itself every year since these reports were commenced.

From October, 1875, to September, 1876, the total number of shad inspected was but 319,000, and of herring, but 1,480,000, scarcely half the number inspected in 1874, and a sad contrast to the statistics of 1834, when the number of shad taken in the Potomac amounted to 25,300,000, and of herring, to 750,000,000.

The cause of this decrease appears to be the unceasing and long-continued use of both gill nets and seines, which break up the schools and prevent their spawning; indeed, the prevention of the passage of the fish to their usual breeding grounds has made it impossible for the United States and the Maryland commissions, both of which have been heretofore engaged in the work of artificial propagation of shad in the Potomac, to find enough spawning fish at any fishing station to enable them to continue their operations successfully, although it is understood that efforts on the part of the two commissions referred to will be renewed during the present season.

Among recent deaths of men of science is that of Professor PANCERI, an eminent Italian entomologist and physiologist.

The third volume of Dr. HAYDEN's Bulletin of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories is an extremely interesting number, of large size, and is especially noteworthy for a series of papers on the ethnology and archæology of the United States, two of these relating to the remarkable remains of extinct tribes found on the coast of California, while in a memoir by EELLS on the Indians of Skokomish we have many interesting facts in regard to the habits of this important tribe.

The zoological division of the Bulletin embraces papers on the lepidoptera, by Messrs. PACKARD and CHAMBERS; and the whole concludes with an article by Dr. HAYDEN on Artesian borings along the line of the Pacific Railroad.

Professor P. T. CLEVE, of Upsala, Sweden, is to issue a limited series of diatomaceæ, the preparations to be furnished by MÖLLER. The first fasciculus, of fifty specimens, will be ready during the year, and is limited to about thirty copies, at the price of about $10.

The Troy Polytechnic School is fitting up an observatory in connection with its course of study. Ground has already been broken for the building, which is to be a memorial, and the cost to be borne by a gentleman of that city.

The death of Dr. ALEXANDER BRAUN, the eminent botanist, is announced as having taken place on the 9th of March last at Berlin, in the seventy-second year of his age.

It is well known that many species of fresh-water animals die when transferred suddenly to salt-water, and vice versa, and several hypotheses have been entertained to account for the fact. Mr. PAUL BERT, the eminent physiologist, considers this simply a condition of osmosis. Thus, if a frog is plunged into sea-water, it loses one-third of its weight by the absorption of its liquids through the skin by the salt-water; and if the foot alone of the frog be introduced into salt-water, the blood globules can be seen to pass out from the vessels and spread under the skin. The same thing takes place in the case of fishes, where an asphyxia is produced which soon results in death. Sometimes, in the case of fishes inhabiting salt-water, an abrupt change produces fatal results; and it is an established fact that salmon and shad coming in from the sea always remain for a time in estuaries or brackish water, and thus become gradually accustomed to the transfer. In returning to the sea from fresh-water a similar delay takes place. The eel alone, apparently, sustains such transfers very successfully, the mucus or slime on the skin answering as a protection, in Mr. BERT's opinion, as he found, when this was removed from the skin, that death soon ensued with an abrupt transfer.

The experience of naturalists is constantly adding new devices for the better preparation of specimens of natural history, and which by their simplicity and efficiency provoke the inquiry as to why they were not earlier thought of.

Among these we may record a method of drying plants, by Professor WOOD, which commends itself to the acceptance of those who find it necessary to devote much time to this subject.

In the old style of procedure, a collector, having undertaken to gather a large number of plants, especially while on a journey, was obliged to provide himself with a vast quantity of paper, in order to change twice a day, especially in a damp season, and frequently with the result of a total loss of his specimens from causes entirely beyond his control.

The wire press, described by Mr. WOOD in his class-book and elsewhere, remedies this, as it dries by evaporation rather than absorption, and requires less than half the amount of paper used by the old process. It is, therefore, portable, and requires no changing of specimens and papers, no drying of damp and mildewed sheets.

This, in brief, consists of a dozen quires of unsized paper, at least eleven by fourteen inches folio, two sheets of wire-gauze of the same size, as covers, stiffened by folded edges or by a folded edge of tin plate, and three or four leather straps a yard in length, with buckles. The plants are placed between the sheets of unsized paper, the wire-gauze covers put on, and the whole buckled together. When in use it may be suspended in the wind and sunshine, or, in rainy weather, by the fire.

A writer in the Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club remarks that with this simple press he had cured more than three thousand specimens, in a protracted journey of about fifteen hundred miles.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN American traveller reproved an Irish cab driver for belaboring his horse so constantly with the lash. Pat was very good-natured about the matter. "Why," said the gentleman, "we do not employ whips at all nowadays in America." "So I've heard," rejoined the driver, quietly; "ye use revolvers."

ORIENTAL WISDOM.—Before a Turk gets married, he asks all good men to pray for him.

A philosopher who went to church where the people came in late, said it was "the fashion there for nobody to go till every body got there."

"Jessie, what was Joe's arm doing round your waist when you were at the front gate last night?" asked a precocious Aberdeen boy of his sister. "His arm wasn't round my waist; I was a belt from him, and he was taking my measure," replied the indignant young lady.

Said one fellow to another, "If I was as flat-footed as you are, I would not be afraid of slipping on the pavement." "Yes," was the response, "some people are flat on one end, and some on the other." And the first chap looked thoughtful, and went on down the street.

"Mary, I do not approve of your entertaining your sweetheart in the kitchen," said a lady to her servant. "Well, ma'am, it's very kind of you to mention it; but he's from the country, you see, ma'am, and I'm afraid he's too shy and retired in his manners, ma'am, for you to like him to come up into the parlor," replied Mary.

A pretty young Americaness, whose Christian name is Anna, on receiving a cigar from a young gentleman who had not pluck enough to say he wished to marry her, twisted it playfully beneath his nose, and looking archly at him, popped the question thus, "Have Anna?"

The telegraph informs us that the General Assembly of Virginia has laid a tax upon the sale of liquor by the glass, and proposes to facilitate its collection by obliging each bar to supply itself with a self-registering bell-punch, something like those used on the horse-cars. Every drink that is sold must be tallied by the punch. The tax to be collected is half a cent on beer and two and a half cents on alcoholic liquors. This will give the boys a chance.

Punch, boys, punch! punch with care—
Half a cent out for ein glass lagir;
Two cents and a half for a whiskey clare,
Ditto for brandy, if but one fingair,
The same for a glass of vin ordinaire;
Punch in the presence of the gay drinkair.

"Do you know what bulldozing is?" asked a man of an old farmer. "I thought I did," said the Granger, "but the bull wasn't dozing; he was only making believe; and being in the middle of a forty-acre lot, I naturally had to make pretty quick time to reach the fence ahead of him."

A hotel in Kansas has the following notice displayed in the bedrooms: "Gentlemen wishing to commit suicide will please take the centre of the room, to avoid staining the bed linen, walls, and furniture with blood."

What is the difference between a spider and a duck?—One has its feet perpetually in a web, and the other perpetually a web on its feet.

He was a seedy-looking individual, and as he stood at the corner of the street there was a vague aspect of despair in his attitude which was very touching. It was this which attracted the attention of a mild-looking party, who, passing by, addressed him thus: "Old man, wouldn't you like to have a drink this morning?" "You've read me as accurately as though my thoughts were printed on an open page," replied the solitary one, passing a dilapidated coat sleeve over his mouth. "I thought so," murmured the mild-looking party, while a tear trickled down his cheek; "but conquer the desire. Fight it as you would a legion of devils, for drink has ruined many a man who has a more expansive forehead than you've got." And then the mild-looking party continued on his way, and the solitary one gazed dreamily into space and communed with himself.

MONTENEGRO.

THEY rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night
Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.
O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
Of Freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernagora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT.

OUR Supplement this week consists of a four-page pictorial map, drawn and engraved expressly for *Harper's Weekly*, which gives a bird's-eye view of the scene of military operations in the East. It includes the southernmost portion of the Russian Empire, the whole of European Turkey, and all of Turkey in Asia, where the armies of the Cross and the Crescent now confront each other. The little kingdom of Greece, the Danubian Principalities, and a portion of the Austrian Empire are also shown. With this map before him, the reader can easily trace the progress of military operations. The mountains, rivers, seas, and cities are distinctly marked, and great pains have been taken to insure entire accuracy in regard to every point. By the aid of colored pencils, or pins whose heads may be decorated in some manner that will make one set distinguishable from the other, the hostile armies may be easily represented, and the reader thus enabled to keep the position of affairs always before him. In this way newspaper dispatches, which to minds occupied with other matters frequently read like the utterances of some hidden oracle, will at once become invested with meaning, and the reader, lost in the mazes of Eastern geography, rescued from his bewilderment. The back of the map has been left a blank, so that without losing any thing of interest it can be mounted upon pasteboard and kept for reference.

In the opinion of those who have most thoroughly studied the subject, the Russian advance into the Asiatic dominions of Turkey is likely to be of greater importance than the advance into European Turkey. We give, therefore, in connection with our map some account of the country in which the armies of the Czar, pressing forward from Tiflis, are at this moment operating. Armenia, one of the great pashalics or provinces of the Turkish Empire, lies upon the southern slope of the Caucasus, southwest of Georgia, and separated from the Black Sea by the narrow strip of land called Trebizond. The important towns of Armenia are Kars, Erzerum, and Bayazid or Bayezeed, the first-named being at the present moment invested by the Russian forces, which began the siege April 29. Kars is the capital of the pashalic, or eyalet, and therefore an important point, occupying as it does a position nearly on the Russian frontier, and being the outlet for the great transit trade between Turkey and Russia. It has a population of 12,000, whose experience in the late war between these two countries will probably serve them well in their present strait. The siege of Kars by the Russians under MOURAVIEFF, and its defense by the Turks, in 1855, with the aid and under the conduct of General WILLIAMS, form one of the most brilliant passages in the history of that terrible struggle. The siege began on the 16th of June, and the place held out until December.

Erzerum is situated on a high but tolerably well cultivated plain, at a distance of about 110 miles southwest of Kars. This peculiar and marvelously constructed town must be visited in order to awaken full appreciation; but for a description of it we can not do better than to quote a few passages from a small volume on *Armenia*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS. It is from the pen of the Hon. ROBERT CURZON, member of the commission appointed in 1842 to decide the vexed question of boundaries in this part of the world. The style of the writer is sufficiently brilliant to make his work popular even if it were written upon a less interesting subject. Borrowing from PEPYS his pet exclamation, Mr. CURZON begins by saying: "'Lord to see!' what a place is this Erzerum! I have never seen or heard of any thing the least like it. It is totally and entirely different from any thing I ever saw before. As the whole view, whichever way we looked, was wrapped in interminable snow, we had not at first any very distinct idea of the nature of the ground that might be underneath. The tops of the houses being flat, the snow-covered city did not resemble any other town, but appeared more like a great rabbit-warren. In the neighborhood of the consulate there were several large heaps and mounds of earth, and it was difficult to the uninitiated to discriminate correctly which was a house and which was a heap of soil and stones. Streets, glass windows, green doors with brass knockers, areas, and chimney-pots were things only known from the accounts of travellers from the distant regions where such things are used." Further on, in speaking of the peculiarities of these semi-subterranean dwellings, Mr. CURZON says: "There are stories, perhaps founded on fact, of hungry thieves lifting the flat stone off the top of the chimney and fishing up the kettle in which the supper was stewing over the fire below, with a hooked stick—a feat which would not be at all difficult if the cook was thinking of something else, as sometimes will happen even in the best-regulated families." Erzerum is a town of which it may be said, "Its glory has departed." At the beginning of this century the population is said to have amounted to 100,000. Of late years it has become reduced to one-half that number; and every where throughout the city and suburbs ruins are found that show it to have possessed at some time an importance that has long since passed away.

Bayazid lies about 150 miles to the southeast of Erzerum, and fifteen miles to the southwest of Mount Ararat. It is well fortified, and has a population of about 5000. Prior to 1830 it had a brisk trade, and the number of its inhabitants amounted to about 15,000, but since that time its commerce and also its population have rapidly decreased, owing, it is said, to the interference of Russia. Being situated near the frontier of that empire, it has been the scene of several conflicts. During the Crimean campaign the Russians gained a signal triumph over the Turks at this point.

Trebizond, lying between Armenia and the Black Sea, is another Turkish eyalet, possessing a population of about 250,000. Its most important town is a flourishing sea-port of the same name. Situated upon a rocky table-land, from which peculiarity it takes its name, the town of Trebizond presents an imposing appearance from the sea. It is surrounded by walls of great extent, which also inclose numerous gardens. The inhabitants are chiefly Moslems. Outside the walls are various suburbs where the Christian part of the population resides, and where the principal bazars and khans have been established. The town is defended by several forts along the walls, and by a fortified citadel perched upon a high rock on one side of the town. Trebizond has no safe port for ships except in the summer season. During the stormy months vessels find a harbor at Platena, seven miles to the west. Batum, situated in the same eyalet, about 108 miles northeast of Trebizond, is the only good port on the eastern end of the Black Sea, and the only safe one at all in the winter season. It is well sheltered, and capable of containing a great many ships. The harbor is formed by a long point of land running out in a northerly direction, and has excellent and secure anchorage for ships of any draught of water. It is the most convenient point of communication with Persia, Georgia, and Armenia from the sea. In the Middle Ages, Batum was a town of much importance, and suffered severely from the wars. Ruins of Greek churches and other edifices are found in the neighborhood, many of them being extensive and very interesting. Its population is about 3000. The eastern portion is healthful, but the west side is not, owing to marshes, which in the months from July to October render it very injurious to health. An extensive export trade is carried on in hides, honey, and oak for ship-building purposes.

Transcaucasia, occupying a position between the Caucasian range on the north and Armenia and Persia on the west and south, is a small tract of land belonging to the Russians, and included, so far as governmental jurisdiction is concerned, within that portion of the Czar's dominions known as the Caucasus. This district includes the whole of Western Georgia, at one time the possession of Persia, but wrenched from that empire in her frequent struggles with Russia. The inhabitants are celebrated for their beauty, and under Mohammedan rule the white slaves of Western Asia and of Egypt were mostly drawn from among them and the Circassians. Many are followers of Islam, but a large proportion profess the doctrines of the Greek Church. The condition of the people, though somewhat ameliorated under Russian rule, is, on the whole, deplorable. The most flourishing sea-port of Transcaucasia is Redut-Kalé, situated on the eastern shore of the Black Sea. It is the port of Tiflis, of which an illustration was given in a recent number of the *Weekly*. A line of steamboats connects Redut-Kalé with Trebizond, Smyrna, Constantinople, and Marseilles. The trade carried on is considerable. The principal exports are raw silk, caviare, and timber, while the imports consist chiefly of cotton, woolen stuffs, wine, and hardwares. During the Crimean war the town was nearly consumed by fire, but it has since been rebuilt and fortified. Ten miles to the south of Redut-Kalé lies the port of Poti. It suffers through the peculiarity of its harbor, a heavy bar obstructing the passage of vessels of any size.

South of Transcaucasia, and nearly upon the confines of Asiatic Turkey, lies an inland sea of considerable extent, called the Lake of Van. Its area is about 1200 square miles, the length being in the neighborhood of eighty miles, while the extreme breadth measures fifty miles. It is fed by eight or more small streams, and has no visible outlet. Its waters are salt, and the only fish caught in it are a kind of sardines. These are salted, and exported throughout Asia Minor. Near the southeast shore of this lake stands a fortified town called Van. It is some 145 miles distant from Erzerum, and has a population of about 15,000. One of the principal industries is the manufacture of cotton goods, and the bazars are usually well stored with the produce of the vicinity. Van is always called among the Armenians Schamiramakert, *i. e.*, "Town of Semiramis." It contains ancient ruins, and cuneal inscriptions are found in which the name of XERXES frequently occurs. At the present time the fortifications are much dilapidated; but the town is overlooked by a citadel, which from its position on a lofty height would become important in case of an attack. Van is one of the stations occupied by the mission of the Congregational Church in Turkey. It has been called "the Sevastopol of the Armenian Church," and the brethren had long wished to see mission families stationed there. The other stations now occupied by the mission of the Congregational Church are Erzerum, Harpoot, and Mardin, Bitlis having been included in the Van station field. The station at Erzerum is the only one likely to be disturbed by the war, the others being remote from the scene of hostilities. The out-stations of the Eastern Turkish mission number 114. The churches are thirty, with a total number of 1567; nineteen of these churches have native preachers, and there are thirty other native preachers, ninety-five teachers, and sixty-three helpers.

To the westward of Van lies the pashalic of Diarbekir. The capital, a town of the same name, is situated on the right bank of the Tigris, at a short distance from the river, the intervening space being occupied by handsome gardens. The town, which is circular in shape, occupies a considerable area, and is surrounded by high walls, flanked with towers, and pierced by four gates. The streets are dirty, and the houses for the most part are built of rough stone, plastered with a composition of mud and straw; but some of the better class are of black basalt. It has numerous handsome mosques, khans, bazars, and also five Christian churches. Extensive manufactures of silk, cotton, and other goods, which, together with an active commerce between Aleppo and Bagdad, affording employment to about 40,000 families, were at one time carried on here. At present the trade and manufactures have greatly declined, and the population of Diarbekir does not now amount to more than 8000 families. A large proportion of these is Turkish, the rest being Greek, Armenian, Catholic, and Jewish. The silk manufacture, however, has improved of late, but will probably be paralyzed again by the effects of the present war. Diarbekir occupies the site of the Amida, which was a place of importance in the reign of CONSTANTINE, by whom it was greatly strengthened and enlarged. It was afterward captured by the Persians, and again retaken by the Romans. In 503 it fell for the second time into the hands of the Persians, and for the next thousand years it suffered an endless series of vicissitudes. In 1515 it finally passed into the possession of the Sultan SELIM of Turkey.

The above short summary is intended to include only a few of the more important points on our map which are in the immediate vicinity of that portion of Asiatic Turkey at present threatened by the forces of Russia. As the theatre of war changes from one scene to another, the localities will be illustrated and described from time to time in the columns of the *Weekly*.

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AN OPEN VERDICT.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"DOWER'D WITH OUR CURSE, AND STRANGER'D WITH OUR OATH."

THERE was no pleasanter house in Little Yafford or its neighborhood to visit on a Sunday evening than the shabby old Vicarage in which Mr. and Mrs. Dulcimer had lived happily for the last twenty years. It was an old house, and had never been a grand house even in its best days. Indeed, there was a legend in Little Yafford that it had once belonged to a farm, and there was a certain homely substantiality and solidity about it which favored that idea. Severe critics declared that there was not a single good room in the house, and it must be admitted that all the rooms were low, and that the chimneys projected into them in a way which modern architecture disallows, leaving four deep recesses on each side to be filled up with books, old china, or such miscellaneous goods as Mrs. Piper, of the Park, denounced under the comprehensive epithet rubbish. The windows were small casements, with leaden lattices, and admitted as little light as was consistent with their obvious function. Heavy old beams supported the low ceilings; big old grates devoured incalculable quantities of fuel, but happily coals—pronounced for the most part as a dissyllable—co-als—were cheap at Little Yafford.

The furniture was in keeping with the house, for it was all ancient and shabby, and had a wonderful individuality about it, which, in Clement Dulcimer's opinion, quite atoned for its shabbiness. Almost all those old chairs and tables, and sofas, and brass-mounted sideboards, and Indian cabinets, and Queen Anne what-nots, had come to the vicar by inheritance; and it was to him as if he saw the friendly faces of the dead-and-gone kindred smiling at him from the three-cornered bureau, or the Japanese escritoire, or the walnut-wood chest of drawers. He even got into the way of calling the furniture after the testators who had left it to him, and would tell his wife to fetch him the packet of sermon paper out of Aunt Tabitha, or that he had left his spectacles on Uncle Joseph.

The dining-room on this autumnal Sunday evening had a look of homely comfort which was cheering to a heart not given wholly over to spiritual things. It was a long low room with three square casements on the southern side, and a wide old fire-place bordered with blue and white Dutch tiles at the end. On each side of the fire-place was the deep recess before mentioned, filled with old oak shelves on which were ranged the odds and ends of porcelain and delf which had, as it were, dropped from various branches of the family tree into Clement Dulcimer's lap. Aunt Tabitha's Swansea tea set, with its sprawling red roses on a cream-colored ground; Uncle Timothy's quaint Lowestoft jugs; Cousin Simeon's Bow tea-pot and punch bowl; grandmamma's Oriental dessert plates; a Chelsea shepherdess minus an arm; a Chelsea shepherd piping to a headless sheep. There was a good deal of rubbish, no doubt, as Mrs. Piper declared, amidst that heterogeneous collection; but there was a great deal more value in those cups and plates than Clement Dulcimer suspected, or he would have been sorely tempted to exchange them for books.

At the end of the room facing the fire-place stood that fine old sideboard of the Chippendale period, familiarly known as Uncle John. Facing the windows were book-shelves from floor to ceiling; books enough to constitute a library in most people's opinion, but only the refuse and outcasts of Clement Dulcimer's collection.

To-night a big fire burned in the capacious grate, a log of the old poplar that was blown down in the last high wind blazing merrily at the top of the coals, as if the stout old tree felt glad to make so jovial an end. The long table shone and glittered with old silver and heavy diamond-cut glass, with here and there a tall-stemmed beaker, or an engraved flask as old as the pictures of Teniers or Breughel. A bowl of chrysanthemums, a darkly glazed ham, a game pie, a sirloin, and a salad made a glow of color, and promised a substantial repast. Every body knew that what the vicar gave was of the best; no cheap Champagnes or doubtful Moselles, but sound claret, and the finest beer that was brewed on this side of York.

The supper hour was supposed to be nine o'clock, and on returning from church the gentlemen had come straight to the dining-room. Mrs. Dulcimer and the two girls found them there when they came down stairs after taking off their bonnets.

The vicar was standing in front of the fire, caressing his favorite tabby cat with his foot, as that privileged animal rolled upon the hearth-rug. Sir Kenrick sat in Cousin Simeon's arm-chair, a deep, velvet-covered chair, almost as large as a small house. Cyril stood with his head leaning against the high chimney-piece, looking dreamily down at the fire.

"Welcome, young ladies!" exclaimed the vicar, cheerily. "I thought Mrs. Dulcimer was never going to give us our supper. Come, Beatrix, this is your place at my right hand."

"And Sir Kenrick will sit next Beatrix," cried Mrs. Dulcimer, on manœuvring intent. "Isabella, my love, you next the Vicar, and Cyril must sit by me. I want to ask him about the next missionary meeting."

They were all seated after good-natured Mrs. Dulcimer's desire. Kenrick by the side of Beatrix, gravely contemplative of the fine face with its rich un-English coloring; Cyril looking a little distrait as lively Miss Scratchell discussed his sermon, in her bright, appreciative way, and with an air of being quite as well read in theology as he was. A wonderful girl, Miss Scratchell, with a knack of picking up stray facts, and educating herself with the crumbs that fell from other people's tables, just as her father's poultry picked up their nourishment in the open street and other people's stable-yards.

"How did you like the sermon, Sir Kenrick?" asked Isabella, smiling across the chrysanthemums, and offering to the baronet's contemplation an insignificant prettiness, all dimples and pale pink roses.

"As much as I like any sermons, except the vicar's," answered Kenrick, coolly. "I like to hear Mr. Dulcimer preach because he makes me think. I sit on tenter-hooks all the time, longing to stand up and argue the point with him. But as for Cyril's moral battering-rams and catapults, and all the artillery which he brings to bear against my sinful soul, I'm afraid their chief effect is to make me drowsy."

"They do other people good, though," said Isabella. "Mrs. Piper told me she never felt awakened till she heard Mr. Culverhouse's Lent sermons."

"Praise from Mrs. Piper is praise indeed," remarked the vicar.

"Oh, but she really does know a good deal about sermons," said Isabella. "She is very fond of what she calls serious reading; she reads a sermon every morning before she goes to her cook to order the dinner."

"And then she goes to the larder and looks at the joints to see if there have been 'followers' overnight," suggested Kenrick, "and according to her theological reading is the keenness of her eye and the acidity of her temper. If she has been reading Jeremy Taylor, she takes a liberal view of the sirloin, and orders a hot joint for the servants' hall. If she has been reading old Latimer, she is humorous and caustic, and orders hash and cold meat as too good for domestic sinners. But if her pious meditations have been directed by Baxter or Charnock, I pity the cook. There will be short commons in the servants' hall that day."

Bella laughed heartily. She had a pretty laugh, and she made it a rule to laugh at any sally of Sir Kenrick's. It is something for a penniless village lawyer's daughter to be on familiar terms with a baronet, even though his estate be ever so heavily mortgaged. Bella felt that her intimacy with the Vicarage and its surroundings lifted her above the rest of the Scratchells. Her younger sisters used to ask her what Sir Kenrick was like, and if he wore thick-soled boots like common people, and ever drank any thing so vulgar as beer.

The supper went on merrily. The vicar talked of men and of books, the younger men joining in just enough to sustain the conversation. Supper at the Vicarage—substantial as the meal was—seemed more or less an excuse for sitting at a table talking for a couple of hours at a stretch. Long after the sirloin had been carried off to do duty in the kitchen, Mr. Dulcimer sat in the carver's seat, sipping his claret and talking of men and books. Beatrix could not imagine any thing more delightful than those Sunday evening discourses.

But now came a message from the footman in the kitchen to remind his mistress that it was half past ten. The rule at Water House was for every door to be locked and bolted when the clock struck eleven. Beatrix started up like Cinderella at the ball.

"Oh, Mrs. Dulcimer, I had no idea it was so late!"

"A tribute to my conversation, or a proof of your patience, my dear," said the vicar. "Cyril, you'll see Miss Harefield home. Jane, run and get Miss Harefield's bonnet."

"Kenrick can see Beatrix home while Cyril tells us about the missionary meeting," said that artful Mrs. Dulcimer.

"My dear Mrs. Dulcimer, I can tell you about the missionary meeting this minute. I have had a letter from Mr. Vickerman, and he will be very happy to preach in the morning this day three weeks, and to give a lecture in the school-room on the following evening."

The neat little parlor-maid came back laden with jackets and bonnets, and Beatrix and Isabella equipped themselves quickly for their walk.

"We really don't want any one," remarked Beatrix, blushing, as the two young men followed them into the hall. "James is here to take care of us."

James, in pepper and salt, pulled his forelock assentingly.

"But I am going with you all the same," said Cyril, with gentle firmness, and he had the audacity to offer her his arm before Sir Kenrick could seize his opportunity.

Naturally Sir Kenrick gave his arm to Miss Scratchell.

"What will they say at home when I tell them this?" thought Bella.

She liked Cyril best, and admired him as the first among men, but she could not forget Sir Kenrick's title and ownership of an encumbered estate.

All the stars were shining out of the dark calm heaven—constellations and variable stars looking down at them from that unutterable remoteness beyond the planet Neptune. The walk was not long, but the way was full of beauty under that starry sky—a road that led down hill into the watery valley which made the chief loveliness of Little Yafford. It was a lonely road, leading away from the town—a road bordered on one side by a narrow wood of Scotch firs, on the other by a stretch of somewhat marshy common land, and so down into the valley where the Water House rose, with black old tower, ivy-shrouded, above the winding river. There was an old Roman bridge across the river, and then came the gates of the Water House, under an ancient archway.

Cyril walked away with Beatrix's hand under his arm, the footman following at a respectful distance. Mr. Culverhouse forgot—or ignored—the fact of Miss Scratchell's residence lying exactly the other way, and left Isabella to be disposed of by his cousin. Beatrix also seemed to forget all about her friend. She did not run back to bid Bella good-night. They would meet to-morrow, no doubt, and Bella—who was the soul of amiability—would forgive her.

They walked on in silence—that thrilling silence which tells of deepest feeling. These are the moments which women remember and look back upon in the gray sober hours of after-life. It is not some girlish triumph—the glory of ball-room or court—which the faded beauty recalls and meditates upon with that sense of sad sweetness that hangs round a lost dream. No; it is such a moment as this—when her hand hung tremulous upon her lover's arm, and words would not come from her lips that were faint with a great joy.

"Have you thought of what I said yesterday, Beatrix?" Cyril asked at last, in those grave tones of his which to her ear meant the most exquisite music.

"Did not you say it? What should I do but think of it? When do I ever think of any thing except you and your words?" she exclaimed, with a kind of impatience.

"And you have spoken to your father—or you have made up your mind to let me speak to him?"

"I have done neither. What is the use of my speaking—or of your speaking—unless you want my father to separate us forever? Do you think that he will be civil to you when he knows that I love you? Do you think he would let me marry the man I love? No; that would be showing me too much kindness. If we lived in the good old fairy-tale days, he would send out a herald to invite the ugliest and most hateful men in the kingdom to come and compete for his daughter's hand, and the ugliest and vilest should have the prize. That's how my father would treat me if the age we live in would allow him; and as he can't do quite so much as that, he will wait quietly till some detestable person comes in his way, and then order me to marry him."

"Beatrix, do you think it is right and just to talk like this?"

"I can't pronounce upon the rightness of it, but I know it is not unjust. I am saying nothing but the truth. Ah, Cyril, I may seem wicked and bitter and unwomanly when I talk like this—yes, I am all those bad things—a woman unworthy to be loved by you—except that I am so much to be pitied. But who has made me what I am? If you knew how I used to try to make my father love me! If you could have seen me when I was a little thin sickly child, creeping into his study, and crouching at his knee, to be repulsed just a little more harshly than he would have sent away a dog! I went on trying against every discouragement. Who else was there for me to love? who else was there to love me? My mother was gone; my governess told me that it was natural for a father to love his child—an only child—a motherless child most of all. So I went on trying. And I think the more I tried to win his love, the more hateful I became to him. And now, though we meet two or three times a day and speak civilly to each other, we live quite apart. When he was dangerously ill last winter, I used to sit in the corridor outside his bedroom day and night, fearing that he was going to die, and thinking that perhaps at the last he might relent, and remember that I was his daughter, and stretch out his feeble arms to me and take me to his heart. But though death came very near him—awfully near—there was no relenting."

"My darling, life has been very hard for you," said Cyril, with deepest pity.

She shocked him by her vehemence, but she moved him to compassion by the depth of bygone misery her present indignation revealed.

"My father has been hard to me, and he has hardened me," she said. "He turned my heart to stone. It was cold and hard as stone, Cyril, till you melted it."

"My dearest, there are many duties involved in that great duty of honoring your father," pleaded Cyril, "and perhaps the chief of all is patience. You must be patient, love; the hour of relenting will come at last. Duty and filial love will win their reward. But you must never again speak of your father as you have spoken to-night. It is my duty to forbid this great sin. I could not see you kneeling at the altar rails, and put the sacred cup into your hands, knowing you cherished such a spirit as this."

"I will not disobey you," she answered, with a grave humility. "I will not speak of my father at all."

"And you will endeavor to think of him with kindness, as you used in the days when you were trying to win his love."

"In those days I used to think of him with fear," said Beatrix. "The sound of his voice or his footstep always made me shiver. But I had this saying in my mind, 'It is natural for a father to love his motherless child,' and I did try very hard, very patiently, to make him love me."

"Go on trying, dearest, and the love will come at last. Remember the parable of the unjust judge. Human love, like heavenly love, is to be won by many prayers. And if I am to be your lover and your husband, Beatrix, I can only be so with your father's knowledge and approval. Dearly, deeply as I love you, I will not stoop to win you by deceit and suppression. I would not so dishonor you, I could not so dishonor myself."

"Let me go, then," cried the girl, passionately. "Throw me away as you would throw a withered rose into that river," pointing to the dark stream under the Roman arch—shadowy waters on which the distant stars shone dimly—"you will never win me with his consent. He will not believe in your love for me. He will misjudge and insult you, for he believes in no man's truth or honor. He has made for himself a religion of hatred and suspicion. Why should we make him the ruler of our lives? why should we accept misery because he wills us to be miserable? You are quite sure that you love me, Cyril; it is really love and not pity that you feel for me?" she asked, suddenly, with a gush of womanliness breaking through the darker phase of feeling.

"The truest, fondest, deepest love man ever felt. Will that content you?"

"It does more than content me—it makes me exquisitely happy. Then, since you love me, Cyril, and really choose me above all other women—so many of them worthy to be so chosen—for your wife, you must stoop a little. You must be content to take me without my father's consent or blessing, and without his money. But we do not care for that, do we, either of us?"

"Not a jot, Beatrix. The money is a millstone round your neck. Let that go, with all my heart. But if you and I were to be quietly married some day at the old parish church, darling, and were to walk away together arm in arm into a happy, smiling, useful future, as we might do, can you guess what the world would say of your husband?"

"No; unless it said he was foolish to choose so faulty a wife."

"The world would say that the penniless curate played a deep game, and that, knowing Christian Harefield would never consent beforehand to receive him as a son-in-law, he had hazarded his chances on a clandestine marriage, counting upon Mr. Harefield's being won over to receive him and forgive his daughter afterward. That is what the world would say of any man, Beatrix, who married under such circumstances; and that is what the world shall not say of me."

"Then you value the world's opinion more than you value me?" said Beatrix.

> "'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more,'"

answered her lover. "I shall call upon your father to-morrow."

The church clock and the stable clock at the Water House began to strike eleven.

"Good-night, Cyril. You must be the manager of our destiny; but I'm afraid you will bring about nothing but sorrow and parting."

"I will do what is right, my dear. I will trust in Him who rules and governs all hearts—even your father's when he seems hardest to you."

"Good-night, Cyril."

"Good-night, my best and dearest."

He would not take her to his heart or kiss the proud lips that were so near his own as they stood side by side in the shadow of the wide archway, though the person in pepper and salt kept at a discreet distance. He only took her hand and pressed it gently, and with a murmured blessing left her, just as the little low door in the archway opened, and the light shone faintly from within, making a kind of aureole round the bald head of the old gardener who lived in the mediæval gateway.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences took place at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, on the 17th of April, and of the ninety members about thirty were present. Among the business transacted was the election of five new members, as provided for by the constitution, the persons chosen being Dr. John W. Draper, of New York, Dr. Scudder, of Cambridge, Dr. Elliot Coues, of Washington, Dr. Henry Draper, of New York, and Mr. C. S. Peirce, of the Coast Survey.

Many interesting and important papers were presented by members of the Academy and other gentlemen invited to participate in its proceedings, the aggregate number being beyond the average of previous sessions. The fall session of the Academy will be held, for the reading of papers only, at Columbia College, New York, on the second Tuesday of November next.

Among the choicest treasures of the St. Petersburg Museum are specimens of the skin, hair, and bones of the Siberian mammoth, obtained many years ago by Adams, a Russian merchant, from the natives in Northern Siberia. The entire animal had been washed out from a frozen gravel drift, and had served as food for the dogs of the natives for a long time.

Of late years the St. Petersburg Academy has endeavored to find a second complete specimen, having sent several expeditions out for the purpose. We are glad to learn that quite recently a well-preserved body, with the flesh and skin entire, has been found on the banks of the Obi, near the Marinisky gold-washings, as announced by telegram of March 18, from Tomsk. Further operations in regard to this specimen have been postponed until the receipt of instructions from St. Petersburg.

The State of Nevada at the recent session of its Legislature passed a law establishing a Fish Commission for the purpose of suggesting and carrying out such measures as might be necessary for the improvement of the Nevada fisheries, and Mr. H. G. Parker, a gentleman well known for his interest in natural history, has been appointed Commissioner.

In the report of the Vienna Academy, June 20, 1876, is a paper, by Professor Von Ebner, upon "Microscopical Researches on the Growth and Change of Hair." The author states that the root sheath, notwithstanding its being broken through by the hair, continues to grow during the whole hair vegetation, and in under the hair, even with greater rapidity than the hair itself, and also that new hairs are formed in the old dermis and in the old papillæ.

Professor Todd, of Washington, has prepared a continuation of Damoiseau's tables of the satellites of Jupiter, which extends to 1900. This has been printed by the American Ephemeris in a quarto of forty pages, and will be sent by Professor Coffin to any astronomer having a copy of Damoiseau. The errata in Damoiseau's tables found by Hind, Kendall, and Todd respectively occupy nearly three quarto pages.

Mr. Thaddeus Norris, the veteran and well-known angler, died in Philadelphia in April last, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. His work entitled *The American Angler's Book* gave him a deserved reputation by the accounts of the American game fishes and the best method of capturing them. As a professional manufacturer of rods, flies, etc., he had very few equals. He was largely concerned in the preliminary arrangements for the erection of the aquaria exhibited at the Philadelphia Exhibition in the Agricultural Building, although, owing to the indisposition under which he labored in the latter part of his life, he was prevented from giving it his undivided attention.

The Annual Report of the Inspector of Marine Products for the city of Washington for the year 1876 presents a very unsatisfactory picture of the condition of the Potomac fisheries, a gradual decrease having manifested itself every year since these reports were commenced.

From October, 1875, to September, 1876, the total number of shad inspected was but 319,000, and of herring, but 1,489,000, scarcely half the number inspected in 1874, and a sad contrast to the statistics of 1834, when the number of shad taken in the Potomac amounted to 25,500,000, and of herring, to 750,000,000.

The cause of this decrease appears to be the unceasing and long-continued use of both gill nets and seines, which break up the schools and prevent their spawning; indeed, the prevention of the passage of the fish to their usual breeding grounds has made it impossible for the United States and the Maryland commissions, both of which have been heretofore engaged in the work of artificial propagation of shad in the Potomac, to find enough spawning fish at any fishing station to enable them to continue their operations successfully, although it is understood that efforts on the part of the two commissions referred to will be renewed during the present season.

Among recent deaths of men of science is that of Professor Panceri, an eminent Italian entomologist and physiologist.

The third volume of Dr. Hayden's Bulletin of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories is an extremely interesting number, of large size, and is especially noteworthy for a series of papers on the ethnology and archæology of the United States, two of these relating to the remarkable remains of extinct tribes found on the coast of California, while in a memoir by Eels on the Indians of Skokomish we have many interesting facts in regard to the habits of this important tribe.

The zoological division of the Bulletin embraces papers on the lepidoptera, by Messrs. Packard and Chambers; and the whole concludes with an article by Dr. Hayden on Artesian borings along the line of the Pacific Railroad.

Professor P. T. Clive, of Upsala, Sweden, is to issue a limited series of diatomaceæ, the preparations to be furnished by Möller. The first fasciculus, of fifty specimens, will be ready during the year, and is limited to about thirty copies, at the price of about $10.

The Troy Polytechnic School is fitting up an observatory in connection with its course of study. Ground has already been broken for the building, which is to be a memorial, and the cost to be borne by a gentleman of that city.

The death of Dr. Alexander Braun, the eminent botanist, is announced as having taken place on the 9th of March last at Berlin, in the seventy-second year of his age.

It is well known that many species of fresh-water animals die when transferred suddenly to salt-water, and *vice versa*, and several hypotheses have been entertained to account for the fact. Mr. Paul Bert, the eminent physiologist, considers this simply a condition of osmosis. Thus, if a frog is plunged into sea-water, it loses one-third of its weight by the absorption of its liquids through the skin by the salt-water; and if the foot alone of the frog be introduced into salt-water, the blood globules can be seen to pass out from the vessels and spread under the skin. The same thing takes place in the case of fishes, where an asphyxia is produced which soon results in death. Sometimes, in the case of fishes inhabiting salt-water, an abrupt change produces fatal results; and it is an established fact that salmon and shad coming in from the sea always remain for a time in estuaries or brackish water, and thus become gradually accustomed to the transfer. In returning to the sea from fresh-water a similar delay takes place. The eel alone, apparently, sustains such transfers very successfully, the mucus or slime on the skin answering as a protection, in Mr. Bert's opinion, as he found, when this was removed from the skin, that death soon ensued with an abrupt transfer.

The experience of naturalists is constantly adding new devices for the better preparation of specimens of natural history, and which by their simplicity and efficiency provoke the inquiry as to why they were not earlier thought of.

Among these we may record a method of drying plants, by Professor Wood, which commends itself to the acceptance of those who find it necessary to devote much time to this subject.

In the old style of procedure, a collector, having undertaken to gather a large number of plants, especially while on a journey, was obliged to provide himself with a vast quantity of paper, in order to change twice a day, especially in a damp season, and frequently with the result of a total loss of his specimens from causes entirely beyond his control.

The wire press, described by Mr. Wood in his class-book and elsewhere, remedies this, as it dries by evaporation rather than absorption, and requires less than half the amount of paper used by the old process. It is, therefore, portable, and requires no changing of specimens and papers, no drying of damp and mildewed sheets.

This, in brief, consists of a dozen quires of unsized paper, at least eleven by fourteen inches folio, two sheets of wire-gauze of the same size, as covers, stiffened by folded edges or by a folded edge of tin plate, and three or four leather straps a yard in length, with buckles. The plants are placed between the sheets of unsized paper, the wire-gauze covers put on, and the whole buckled together. When in use it may be suspended in the wind and sunshine, or, in rainy weather, by the fire.

A writer in the Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club remarks that with this simple press he had cured more than three thousand specimens, in a protracted journey of about fifteen hundred miles.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An American traveller reproved an Irish cab driver for belaboring his horse so constantly with the lash. Pat was very good-natured about the matter. "Why," said the gentleman, "we do not employ whips at all nowadays in America." "So I've heard," rejoined the driver, quietly; "ye use revolvers."

Oriental Wisdom.—Before a Turk gets married, he asks all good men to pray for him.

A philosopher who went to church where the people came in late, said it was "the fashion there for nobody to go till every body got there."

"Jessie, what was Joe's arm doing round your waist when you were at the front gate last night?" asked a precocious Aberdeen boy of his sister. "His arm wasn't round my waist; I won a belt from him, and he was taking my measure," replied the indignant young lady.

Said one fellow to another, "If I was as flat-footed as you are, I would not be afraid of slipping on the pavement." "Yes," was the response, "some people are flat on one end, and some on the other." And the first chap looked thoughtful, and went on down the street.

"Mary, I do not approve of your entertaining your sweetheart in the kitchen," said a lady to her servant. "Well, ma'am, it's very kind of you to mention it; but he's from the country, you see, ma'am, and I'm afraid he's too shy and orkard in his manners, ma'am, for you to like him to come up into the parlor," replied Mary.

A pretty young Americaness, whose Christian name is Anna, on receiving a cigar from a young gentleman who had not pluck enough to say he wished to marry her, twirled it playfully beneath his nose, and looking archly at him, popped the question thus, "Have Anna?"

The telegraph informs us that the General Assembly of Virginia has laid a tax upon the sale of liquor by the glass, and proposes to facilitate its collection by obliging each bar to supply itself with a self-registering bell-punch, something like those used on the horse-cars. Every drink that is sold must be tallied by the punch. The tax to be collected is half a cent on beer and two and a half cents on alcoholic liquors. This will give the boys a chance.

> Punch, boys, punch! punch with care—
> Half a cent out for ein glass lagair,
> Two cents and a half for a whiskey clare,
> Ditto for brandy, if but one fingair,
> The same for a glass of *vin ordinaire:*
> Punch in the presence of the gay drinkair.

"Do you know what bulldozing is?" asked a man of an old farmer. "I thought I did," said the Granger, "but the bull wasn't dozing; he was only making believe; and being in the middle of a forty-acre lot, I naturally had to make pretty quick time to reach the fence ahead of him."

A hotel in Kansas has the following notice displayed in the bedrooms: "Gentlemen wishing to commit suicide will please take the centre of the room, to avoid staining the bed linen, walls, and furniture with blood."

What is the difference between a spider and a duck?—One has its feet perpetually in a web, and the other perpetually a web on its feet.

He was a seedy-looking individual, and as he stood at the corner of the street there was a vague aspect of despair in his attitude which was very touching. It was this which attracted the attention of a mild-looking party, who, passing by, addressed him thus: "Old man, wouldn't you like to have a drink this morning?" "You've read me as accurately as though my thoughts were printed on an open page," replied the solitary one, passing a dilapidated coat sleeve over his mouth. "I thought so," muttered the mild-looking party, while a tear trickled down his cheek; "but conquer the desire. Fight it as you would a legion of devils, for drink has ruined many a man who has a more expansive forehead than you've got." And then the mild-looking party continued on his way, and the solitary one gazed dreamily into space and communed with himself.

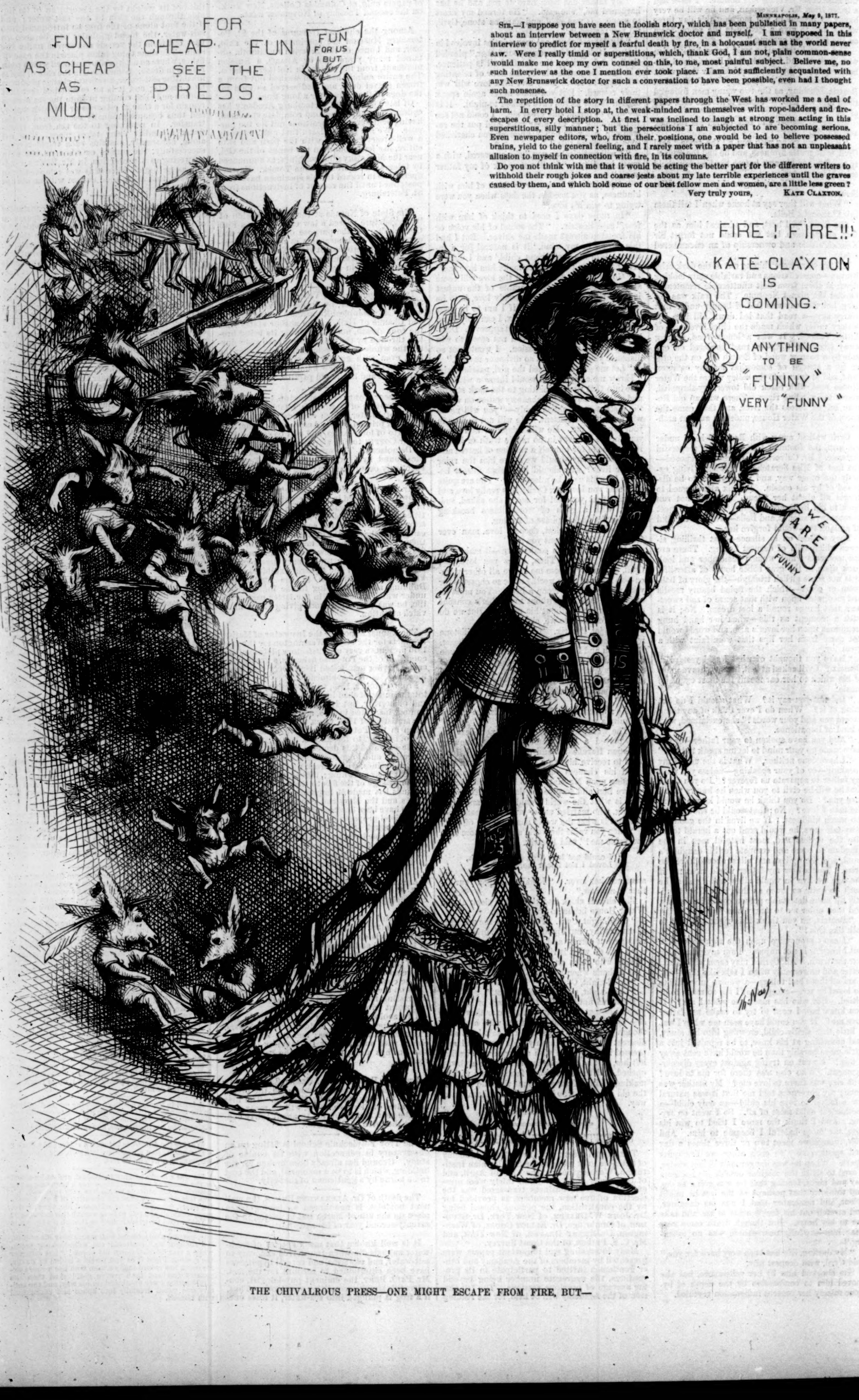
Minneapolis, *May* 9, 1877.

Sir,—I suppose you have seen the foolish story, which has been published in many papers, about an interview between a New Brunswick doctor and myself. I am supposed in this interview to predict for myself a fearful death by fire, in a holocaust such as the world never saw. Were I really timid or superstitious, which, thank God, I am not, plain common-sense would make me keep my own counsel on this, to me, most painful subject. Believe me, no such interview as the one I mention ever took place. I am not sufficiently acquainted with any New Brunswick doctor for such a conversation to have been possible, even had I thought such nonsense.

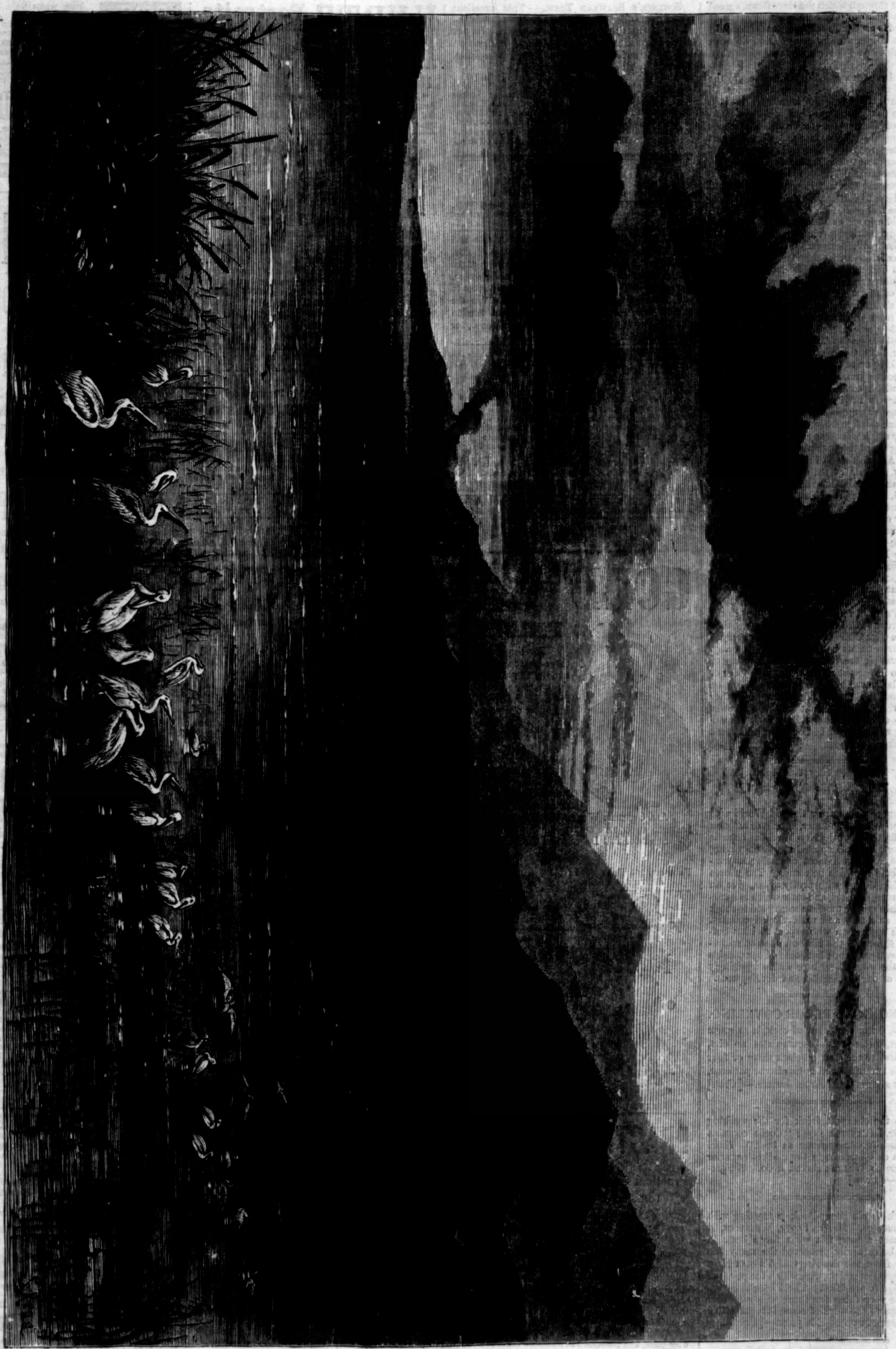
The repetition of the story in different papers through the West has worked me a deal of harm. In every hotel I stop at, the weak-minded arm themselves with rope-ladders and fire-escapes of every description. At first I was inclined to laugh at strong men acting in this superstitious, silly manner; but the persecutions I am subjected to are becoming serious. Even newspaper editors, who, from their positions, one would be led to believe possessed brains, yield to the general feeling, and I rarely meet with a paper that has not an unpleasant allusion to myself in connection with fire, in its columns.

Do you not think with me that it would be acting the better part for the different writers to withhold their rough jokes and coarse jests about my late terrible experiences until the graves caused by them, and which hold some of our best fellow men and women, are a little less green?

Very truly yours, Kate Claxton.


FUN AS CHEAP AS MUD.
FOR CHEAP FUN SEE THE PRESS.
FUN FOR US BUT
FIRE ! FIRE!!! KATE CLAXTON IS COMING.
ANYTHING TO BE "FUNNY" VERY "FUNNY"
WE ARE SO FUNNY
Th. Nast

THE CHIVALROUS PRESS—ONE MIGHT ESCAPE FROM FIRE, BUT—



THE DANUBE, AT THE JUNCTION OF THE PRUTH.

THE DANUBE.

With the single exception of the Volga, the Danube is the largest river of Europe. It is formed by the confluence of two streams, the Brege and Brigach, rising in the Grand Duchy of Baden, on the southeast slope of the Black Sea. The distance from its source to its mouth in an air line is estimated at 1000 miles, but the stream is so tortuous that its actual length is 1820 miles, and it traverses nearly 22° of longitude and 5½° of latitude. The river receives in all some sixty navigable affluents, and the volume of water discharged at its four outlets or channels, called the Kilia, Stamboul, Sulina, and the Edrielis, is said to equal that of all the other streams emptying into the Black Sea. The basin of the Danube contains, according to estimate, some 270,000 square miles.

The river flows in its innumerable windings to every point of the compass, though its general course is from west to east. It goes northeast to Ratisbon, in Bavaria; then southeast to Waitzen, in Hungary; makes a sudden bend nearly south to its conjunction with the Drave, in Sclavonia, whence it runs southeast to Belgrade, in Servia; continues its general eastern course to its confluence with the Morava, and thence extends to Orsova; here it takes an abrupt turn to the southeast, and enters the Turkish provinces, where it forms the boundary between Bulgaria and Wallachia; at Rassova, in the southern extremity of Wallachia, it flows almost directly north to Galatz, in Moldavia, where it again bends to the southeast, and, eighty miles further, finds an outlet into the Black Sea.

The rapidity of the current in its upper course, the shallowness of the water in the portion which flows through Hungary and in the outlets into the Black Sea, and the reefs, rapids, and whirlpools which mark its course at many points, have rendered the navigation of the Danube so difficult that its commercial use has not yet been fully developed. The introduction of steam in 1830 inaugurated a new era in its history. Before that time the current was so rapid that boats, having made the descent, were seldom taken back, but were broken up by their owners, after the manner of our flat-boats in the West. The government, becoming aware of the importance of the river, adopted a system of improvements. Reefs were removed, flats deepened by narrowing the channel, and canals and cut-offs constructed. By the Treaty of Paris, in 1856, the entire freedom of the navigation from tolls and dues was stipulated for; and, in pursuance of this, the governments of the states through which the river flows, agreed upon a convention by which vessels of all nations were allowed to ascend the Danube from its mouth to any point above, while the navigation between different points on the river was reserved to the subjects of the riparian states.

Between Drenkova and Scala-Kladova are the three great rapids of the Danube, the lowest of which is the famous cataract known as the Iron Gate. This pass is the grandest and most interesting bit of scenery on the river. The water rushes through a narrow channel, between vast and frowning rocks, with tremendous rapidity, forming a series of treacherous eddies, whirlpools, and lesser cascades. The Gate is more impressive as a spectacle than any view of the same kind on the continent of Europe. Its nearly vertical falls, of nine feet each, look extremely dangerous, and it would appear as if a vessel tossed about in the boiling, roaring torrent could not possibly escape. The peril, however, is more apparent than real, as is shown by the rarity of accidents when boats descend the rapids during the daytime, and under the guidance of competent pilots. The depth of the water at the Iron Gate, so far as can be ascertained from the violence of the current, is from 800 to 1000 feet. The mountains on either side are very lofty—nearly 5000 feet high—those on the Austrian side being 1000 feet higher than those on the opposite bank. At the breaking up of the ice in the spring of 1876 the mass became jammed among the crags in the Iron Gate, which caused the stream to back up until vast tracts in Hungary were under water. Such a deluge was unprecedented, and it suggested at the time the feasibility of producing a similar effect by artificial means as a measure of war. The blowing up of the precipice of Mount Schireber, on the Austrian side of the pass, would bring down many millions of tons of rock across the Iron Gate, and long before the obstruction could be removed, a vast part of Eastern Europe would be turned into a lake.

The view of the Danube presented in our illustration is rather a melancholy one, but selected as being the point, just below Galatz, at the junction of the Pruth, where a short time ago the English naval commander of the Turkish fleet, Admiral HOBART PASHA, on board the *Rethymo* dispatch-boat, ran the gauntlet of the enemy's fire, and made his way scathless into the Black Sea. The Pruth has figured conspicuously in the history of every Turko-Russian war since the time of PETER the Great, who in 1711 narrowly escaped being captured on its banks with all his army. In our engraving the scenery at the confluence of these two important rivers wears an aspect of lonely desolation, with the mountains rising on the one hand, the reeds and rushes and other weeds on the other, growing in the shallower part of the river, and harboring a flock of pelicans, which will be disturbed only for a moment by the passing steamboat.

FIRST SIGHT OF NEW YORK BAY.

THE fortunate visitor from the Old-World who in pleasant weather of summer, spring, or autumn obtains his first view of the New World as he sails into New York Bay, as depicted in our engraving on page 425, receives a most charming impression of the land to which he comes. The shores on either side, dotted with pretty villas, give an idea of elegance, comfort, and taste which is sometimes surprising to the tourist accustomed to think of America as a new and undeveloped country. The English sportsmen who expect to hunt buffalo on the shores of the Hudson are not so frequent as they used to be; but some of our cousins from over the water land here with surprisingly crude ideas of our civilization and development.

AN ECONOMICAL FLOOR COVERING.

LINOLEUM, being composed of cork, is as warm as a carpet, water-proof—accumulates no dirt, and will outwear the best oil-cloth three or four times. It is manufactured in handsome patterns, and sold by all first-class carpet dealers.—[*Com.*]

COCOA is the cheapest drink for the working classes. Dr. LANKESTER says: "Cocoa contains as much flesh-forming matter as beef." There is no Cocoa or Chocolate in the market superior to that made by WALTER BAKER & Co. All grocers sell it.—[*Com.*]

THE Mark Twain Scrap-Book is meeting with deserved success. Messrs. SLOTE, WOODMAN, & Co., have met a long felt want for a book in which can be carefully preserved the many fine engravings from the drawings of THOMAS NAST and other eminent artists, with which the pages of *Harper's Weekly* are filled. The Pictorial Scrap-Book is the very thing for those who may only care to preserve the work of some favorite artist. See advertisement on outside page.—[*Com.*]

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HELP for the weak, nervous, and debilitated; chronic and painful diseases cured without medicine. Electric Belts and other appliances, all about them, and how to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. Book, with full particulars, mailed free. Address PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO., 292 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.—[*Com.*]

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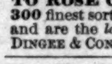

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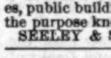

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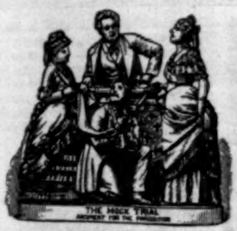

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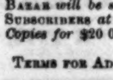

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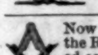

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